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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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PORTIERE.

A toiling mother sat sadly thinking,
With her dark eyes fixed out on the wave,
Toward where the blue waters were blinking
In jealousy, o'er a cold, restless grave.

It was within sight of their cottage door
That the life-boat was swamped in the deep,
And the brave sailor sank, to rise no more
Until awakened from his last, long sleep.

No monument was there to mark the spot,
Only the shifting, marble-topped wave,
Not "God's acre," not e'en a pauper's lot,
Was his portion, though he went out to save.

The briny deep "swallowed up" its prey
And left the orphan waiting, in hunger,
While the mother toiled hard, day by day,
To give bread to the wee, helpless number.

One day she sat down, on the golden sands,
Working a Portiere, of many-hued bits,
Toiling for gain, with kind, patient, worn hands,
As she carefully blended those many strips.

She thought of the sea-weed, that wave-wove sheet,
That was shroud, casket, wreath and cold bier,
Then of her golden-haired, little sweet,
Who entertained not the slightest fear.

Toying with shells and gay, pretty stones,
That the grim monster toss down at her feet,
She was deaf, a time, to heartfelt moans,
That escaped that kind mother, so meek.

When her little ears caught the sound of grief
She ran swiftly to see her mother,
And poured prattle, a needed relief,
Out at random, in merriest rattle.

"What's mamma doing, with these bright, little
strings?"
Came the question from raised, ruby lips,
"I can't see into this funny old thing,—"
As she handed the mass with plump tips.

"A Portiere, mamma is making," she said,
As she carefully blended rare colors,
Her thoughts were a medley—living and dead,
As she skillfully wrought for the dollars.

"These tints of red, and the white, and the blue,
Of gold, green, crimson, garnet and lemon,
Have a language, supposed to be true,
Of joy, mourning, and feelings most tender.

"The ends may seem tangled, the masses dull,
But, it all looks very plain to your mother,
These tints will harmonize and senses lull
When hung in the rich room of another.

"I have only to work like my sample,
Just one figure at a time, without fret,
Knowing, if I follow that example,
I shall conquer the dull, knotty ends yet."

The sweet child looked up, undecided,
As to what her complex meaning could be,
But the fond mother's thoughts were divided,
As they turned to their home by the sea.

Little golden-hair went to the casement,
And paused, looking out, toward the west,
Watching the horizon charge its vestment
Before putting Sol, the day king, to rest.

Then, clapping her hands, exclaimed, "Mamma!
God has unwoven His gay, pretty colors,
He is working a Portiere on high, afar,
With a ground work as bright as gold dollars.

"He's hung up a pole, and strung on its gilt rings,
And, in and out, woven bits of bright strings,

Is sliding His curtain, from left to right,
Giving peeps of the Land, where there's no night.

"He draws it back, for the good to come in,
And curtains the door, to keep out all sin,
He is calling you and calling for me,
As he stands at the entrance, over the sea!"

The mother saw life in a different phase,
As on the brightness she turned her gaze,
How He could make use of life's dark and bright,
To weave her Portiere, to hide earth's night.

So she laid in His palm the thumbs and ends
That had snarled fast, on her earth-worn hands,
Trusting Him to untangle, make amends,
And unloose life's complicated knot bands.

The cot, the blue sea and gold west are past,
Life's Portiere hangs in Heaven's Palace,
The father, mother and child met at last,
Heaven-rested—tears staunch—God's solace.

MIZPAH.

By reason of the failure of a large shipment
of paper to reach us, we regret to say, the RE-
CORDER will be two days late this week.

CONNECTICUT is making encouraging progress
in temperance work. This year there is a
majority of twenty six towns against license.
There seems to be a wholesome and substantial
increase in public sentiment against the ruinous
rum traffic, an absolutely necessary condition to
its suppression.

It has been arranged that Dr. Ella F. Swinney
will leave New York City on the Erie Railroad
on the evening of Dec. 4th, stopping a day or
two at Alfred Centre, and remaining in Chicago
over the Sabbath on her way. She expects to
sail from San Francisco, on the Oceanic, Dec.
19th, going by the way of the Sandwich Islands
and to reach Shanghai, Jan. 16, 1894. Will
all interested please take notice, as it is im-
possible for her to answer them any inquiries,
personally, concerning the time of her departure.

THE Eighth Annual Convention of the Inter-
national Christian Worker's Association held
at Atlanta, Ga., from Nov. 8th to 15th, was a
remarkable gathering of Christian lay-workers.
The Opera House, with a capacity for seating
2,500 persons, was filled from the first session
and some times to overflowing. The services
were attended by marked demonstrations of the
presence and power of the Holy Spirit. There
were many hopeful conversions. The next
Annual Convention will be held in Toronto,
Canada.

THE great strike along the lines of the Lehigh
Valley Railroad, with possible extension to other
roads, will doubtless prove disastrous in many
directions, but chiefly to the strikers and those
dependent upon them. Most railroad strikes
have been of the nature of the boomerang.
They have generally been so unwisely managed
that they have seriously menaced the safety and
peace of the public, and interferred with
private, public and governmental affairs to such
an extent as to turn the natural tide of sym-
pathy against those who might otherwise have a
much stronger hold upon the masses. Striking

does not remedy the evils complained of, but
almost invariably results in loss of employment
and much inconvenience and suffering to
strikers and their families.

PLEASURE is not the end and object of life.
But pleasure has its place in God's economy.
It is rather a means than an end. It is of the
nature of oil to the machinery, of palatable
food to a failing appetite, of rest and recreation
to the weary. It is only when proper pleasures
become excessive, and turn the head and heart
from life's real object, that they are to be de-
cried. Machine oil should lubricate. Recrea-
tion should re-create. Pure pleasure should
always be helpful, not harmful. Useful em-
ployment should never be supplanted by attrac-
tive pleasures. Let each have its legitimate
place; work first; pleasure always secondary,
subordinate.

CRANKS are becoming quite too common. A
few years ago this term was freely applied to
Prohibitionists, and they quite readily accepted
the title—with their own definition of the term
as applied power in mechanics—but more re-
cently the word has been applied almost exclu-
sively to a class of rash, reckless, half-crazed,
lawless men, who, failing in their attempts to
secure positions or money, seek to revenge their
failures by deeds of violence. More than three
scores of such dangerous persons have been
arrested since the cowardly assassination of the
Mayor of Chicago. It is a sickly and extremely
pernicious sentiment that excuses these freaks
on the plea of irresponsible insanity. Let it
be understood that cranks are as amenable to
law as any other class of evil doers and their
numbers will rapidly diminish.

THE *Helping Hand*, for 1894, is under way
and will doubtless be ready for early distribu-
tion. It will be materially improved and will
be better graded than hitherto. There will be
a Primary Lesson added each week, thus filling
a place long desired. Rev. H. D. Clarke has
been engaged to prepare the lessons for the
coming year and it is confidently expected that
the *Helping Hand* will be much more helpful
and valuable than ever before. The number of
those taken in each Sabbath-school should be
largely increased. While the expenses for pre-
paring and publishing these helps will be con-
siderably greater it has been decided to make
the cost to subscribers the same as hitherto,
depending upon increased patronage to make
up for increased expense. Will all pastors,
superintendents, teachers and others co-operate
with us in making its circulation double what
it now is. Please send in your orders as early
as possible. Begin at once.

THANKSGIVING DAY, as an institution, comes
but once a year; yet there is every reason for
the same spirit of gratitude and thankfulness
to find expression every day in the year. The
blessings of the year are innumerable. Our daily

mercies are so many and so great that if we defer the expression of our thanks when they are due we shall find such an accumulation of indebtedness that we can never catch up. Still there is great beauty and appropriateness in the annual custom of setting apart one day in the year as a national occasion for public services of praise and thanksgiving. All Christian people everywhere in our country should make it a point to observe the day in a true spirit of devotion, gratitude and praise to our common Father. It is also a beautiful and worthy custom to make this an occasion of special and practical demonstration of our appreciation of God's mercies to us, by liberal contributions to aid and comfort such of our fellow men as are less fortunate than ourselves. And while this is not a fast day, but rather a feast day, let us all remember the poor. See Nehemiah's counsel, Chap. 8: 10: "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

THE death of Rev. Charles F. Deems, D. D., LL. D., which occurred in New York on the 18th of this month, removes from the field of his earthly labors, another very prominent clergyman, educator, philanthropist and author. Dr. Deems was born in Baltimore, Md., Dec. 4, 1820. He graduated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., in 1839, and entered the ministry in the Methodist Church, in New Jersey. Soon after, he became general agent for the American Bible Society in North Carolina. In 1841 he became professor of logic and rhetoric in the University of North Carolina. In this position he remained five years and then went to Ashland, Va., to accept a professorship of natural sciences in the Randolph-Macon College. In 1850 he was chosen president of the Greensboro, North Carolina, Female College, filling this position for four years. In 1865 he removed to New York, and for a while engaged in literary work, and then established the "Church of the Strangers," with which he was identified as pastor for twenty one years. Several months ago he was warned that his work was nearly done, by the coming of paralysis. He was a poet, theologian and philosopher; a sturdy reformer and well balanced philanthropist. He was the principal founder and president till his death, of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, and the editor-in-chief of *Christian Thought*.

[From L. C. Randolph.]

—THE Western editor writes this week from down in Egypt, where he and Bro. T. J. Van-Horn are in the midst of a revival.

The Southern people have their own way of conducting revivals. They are an emotional, impulsive people—love noise and excitement—and although they give a warm welcome to the Northern evangelists, with their quieter methods and, perhaps, more thoughtful sermons, they do not fail to shout when they are happy—and we are glad of it.

We should be ashamed of ourselves to insist that every one must enjoy religion in the same way that we do. The quiet determination and seriousness in some face, or a tear silently stealing down some cheek, is more eloquent to us than many more noisy demonstrations; but far be it from us to discourage the shouts and hallelujahs. If these will promote true and undefiled religion in any community, we bid them Godspeed.

There is always this danger, however, to be guarded against, the danger of thinking that the hallelujah is the religion and that, when the feeling of exaltation is gone, the religion is gone. Joy and rapture are the rewards which come to an emotional nature after the performance of duty; but it is the *duty itself* which is the essence of religion.

While some men's religion runs in the demonstrative vein, other men are cast in a reverential mould. They enter the church with reverence. They bow the head as they pass down the aisle, they make the responses with due solemnity. If they were Catholics they would cross themselves whenever the name of Deity is mentioned in their daily life.

Other men are doctrinal. They have a genius for theology. They love nothing better than to discuss the philosophy of God and his relations to man touching sin, redemption and retribution. They can take any man's theology and squint along the line of its main points and detect a hair-breadth's variation from orthodoxy.

Still others are of the prophetic order. They can take Daniel and the Revelation and interpret them in minutest detail. There is not a horned beast in either book which they cannot name. They will tell you what the beast means and what each horn means with unwavering faith in their own infallibility of interpretation.

Now, I would not deride any of these groups of people. There are grand Christians in every one of them. But these distinctive characteristics of theirs are not religion. A man *might* have any one of them or all of them and be a rascal. Religion itself is very simple. The Apostle James, when called upon to define it, said that pure and undefiled religion was "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep one's self unspotted from the world." In other words religion does not have its main concern with feelings or beliefs; but with life and character. Each man must be converted in his own way. It took all the heavy guns of heaven to bring Paul down. People read the account and rejoice in it and wait to be converted in the same way. But immediately preceding the account of Paul's conversion is the account of the conversion in a totally different way of another man of importance. There was no lightening, no blindness, no sudden upheaval of character, no sudden transformation of life. In the most matter of fact way in the world the Eunuch, just as soon as he understood the truth, said, "I believe; let me be baptized."

It was no accident that the accounts of these two conversions were placed side by side. They take place side by side in the world, and one is just as genuine as the other.

Some people can point to the day, the hour, the moment, of conversion. With others the conversion was a gradual process beginning back at a point which they cannot remember. But there is one element in every conversion, which was present in both of these conversions. Paul asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" That was the way into the kingdom for him and every man who stands at its gate must ask the same question. And he who responds by obeying the voice is a Christian.

THANKSGIVING ANN.

In the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing, just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite in accord-

ance with her name—a name oddly acquired from an old church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise:

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Jonny, don't play dar in the water chile!"

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Run away now, Susie, dearie."

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Take care dat bressed baby! Here's some gingerbread for him."

"Thanksgivin' an' the voice of melody."

You laugh? But looking after all these little things was her appointed work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann; her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be, now, to the end of her days. How many these days had already been, no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment, they could scarcely tell; they only knew that she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The early breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a final batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had pleaded an appointment, and taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed unobserved from the kitchen windows; and Thanksgiving Ann's "Bible money" was still in her pocket.

"Didn't ask me, nor give me no chance. Just's if, 'cause a pusson's old an' colored, dey didn't owe de Lord nuffin, an' wouldn't pay it if dey did," she murmured, when the state of the case became known.

However, Silas, the long-limbed, untiring, and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and "catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chainy." And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway, the messenger returned, apparently unwearied by his chase.

"Wa-ll, I come up with him—told ye I would—and give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget; and he said 'twas a ginorous jonation—equal to your masters's. Which proves," said Silas, shutting one eye, and appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, "that some folks can do as much good just off-hand as some other folks can with no end of pinchin' an' screwin' beforehand."

"Think it proves dat folks dat don't have no great mount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin' 'bout it a little aforehand, as other folks will do dat has more, and puts der hands in der pockets when de time comes. I believe in systematics 'bout such things, I does;" and with an energetic bob of her head, by way of emphasizing her words, old Thanksgiving walked into the house.

"Thanksgivin' 'an the voice of melody,"

she began in her high, weird voice. But the words died on her lips; her heart was too burdened to sing.

"Only three dollars out'n all der 'bundance!" she murmured to herself. "Well, mebbly I oughtn't to judge; but then I don't judge, I *knows*. Course I knows, when I see here all de time, and sees do good clo'es, an' de carr'ages, an' de musics, an' de fine times—folks an' hosses an' tables all provided for, an' de Lord of glory lef' to take what happens when de time comes, an' no prepration at all! Sure 'nough, he don't need der help. All de world is his; and he can send clo'es to his naked, an' bread to his hungry, an' Bibles to his heathen, if dey don't give a cent; but den dey're pinchin' an' starvin' der own dear souls. Well—'taint *my* soul! But I loves 'em—I loves 'em, an dey're missin' a great blessin'."

These friends, so beloved, paid little attention to the old woman's opinion upon what she called "systematics in givin'."

"The idea of counting up one's income, and setting aside a fixed portion of it for charity, and then calling only what remains one's own, makes our religion seem arbitrary and exacting; it is like a tax," said Mrs. Allyn, one day; "and I think such a view of it ought by all means to be avoided. I like to give freely and gladly of what I have when the time comes."

"If ye hain't give so freely an' so gladly for Miss Susie's new necklace an' yer own new dresses dat ye don't have much when de time comes," interposed Thanksgiving Ann.

"I think one gives with a more free and generous feeling in that way," pursued the lady, without seeming to heed the interruption. "Money laid aside beforehand has only a sense of duty and not much feeling about it; besides, what difference can it make, so long as one does give what they can when there is a call?"

"I wouldn't like to be provided for dat way," declared Thanksgiving. "Was, once, when I was a slave, 'for I was de Lord's free woman. Ye see, I was a young, no-count gal, not worf thinkin' much 'bout; so my ole mars he lef' me to take what happened when de time come. An' sometimes I happened to get a dress, an' sometimes a pair of ole shoes, an' sometimes I didn't happen to get nuffin' an' den I went bare-foot; an' dat's jist de way—"

"Why, Thanksgiving, that's not reverent!" exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, shocked at the comparison.

"Jist what I thought, didn't treat me with no kind of reverence," answered Thanksgiving.

"Well, to go back to the original subject, all these things are mere matters of opinion. One person likes one way best; and another person, another," said the lady, smilingly as she walked from the room.

"Pears to me it's a matter of which way de Master likes best," observed the old woman, settling her turban. But there was no one to hear her comment, and affairs followed their accustomed routine. Meanwhile, out of her own little store, she carefully laid aside one-eighth. "'Cause if dem ole Israelites was tol' to give one-tenth, I'd jist like to frow in a little more, for good measure. Talk 'bout it's bein' like a tax to put some away for such things! 'Clare! I get studyin' what each dollar mus' do, till I get 'em so loaded up wid prayin's an' thinkin's dat I mos' b'lieve dey weigh double when dey does go.

"O de Lamb! de lovin' Lamb!
De Lamb of Calvary!
De Lamb dat was slain, an' lives again,
An' intercedes for me!"

And now another call had come.

"Came, unfortunately, at a time when we were rather short," Mrs. Allyn said, regretfully. "However, we gave what we could," she added. "I hope it will do good, and I wish it were five times as much."

Old Thanksgiving shook her head over that cheerful dismissal of the subject. She shook it many times that morning, and seemed intensely thoughtful, as she moved slowly about her work.

"'Spose I needn't fret 'bout other folks' duty—dat ain't none o' my business; yas 'tis, too, 'cause dey's good to me, an' I loves 'em. 'Taint like's if dey didn't call darselves His neither."

Mr. Allyn brought in a basket of beautiful peaches, the first of the season, and placed them on the table by her side.

"Aren't those fine, Thanksgiving? Let the children have a few, if you think best; but give them to us for dinner."

"Sertain, I'll give you all dar is," she responded, surveying the fruit.

Presently came the pattering of several pairs of small feet; bright eyes espied the basket, and immediately arose a cry:

"O, how nice! Thanksgiving Ann, may I have one?"

"And I?"

"And I, too?"

"Help yourselves, dearies," answered the old woman, composedly, never turning to see how often, or to what extent her injunction was obeyed. She was seated in the doorway again, busily sewing on a calico apron. She still sat

there when, near the dinner hour, Mrs. Allyn passed through the kitchen, and, a little surprised at its coolness and quietness at that hour, asked wonderingly:

"What has happened, Thanksgiving? Haven't decided upon a fast, have you?"

"No, honey; thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come," said Thanksgiving Ann, coolly, holding up her apron to measure its length.

It seemed a little odd, Mrs. Allyn thought. But then old Thanksgiving needed no oversight; she liked her little surprises now and then, too, and doubtless she had something all planned and in course of preparation; so the lady went her way, more than half expecting an especially tempting board because of her cook's apparent carelessness that day. But when the dinner hour arrived, both master and mistress scanned the table with wide-open eyes of astonishment, so plain and meager were its contents, so unlike any dinner that had ever before been served in that house.

"What has happened, my dear?" asked the gentleman, turning to his wife.

"I do not know," she replied, with a questioning glance at Thanksgiving.

"Dad's all de col' meat dar was—sorry I didn't have no more," she said, half apologetically.

"But I sent home a choice roast, this mornin'," began Mr. Allyn, wonderingly, "and you have no potatoes, either—nor vegetables of any kind."

"Laws, yes! but den a body has to think 'bout it a good while aforehand to get a roast cooked, an' jist the same wid 'taters; an' I thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come, an' I didn't happen to have much of nuffin. 'Clare! I forgot de bread!" and, trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn cake.

"No bread!" murmured Mrs. Allyn.

"No, honey; used it all up for toast dis mornin'. Might have made biscuit or muffins, if I had planned for 'em long enough, but that kind o' makes a body feel 's if dey had to do it, an' I wanted to get dinner for yer all out o' my warm feelin's when de time come."

"When a man has provided bountifully for his household, it seems as if he might expect to enjoy a small share of it himself, even if the preparation does require a little trouble," remarked Mr. Allyn, impatiently, but still too bewildered at such an unprecedented state of affairs to be thoroughly indignant.

"Cur'us how things make a body think of Bible verses," said Thanksgiving, musingly. "Dar's dat one 'bout 'who giveth us all things richly to enjoy,' an' 'what shall I render to de Lord for all his benefits to'ards me?' Dar! I didn't put on dem peaches!"

"Has Thanksgiving suddenly lost her senses?" questioned the gentleman, as the door closed after her.

"I suspect there is a method in her madness," replied his wife, a faint smile crossing her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket, sadly despoiled of its morning's contents, but she composedly bestowed the remainder in a fruit dish.

"Dat's all. De childerns eat a good many, an' dey was used up one way an' 'nother. I see sorry dar ain't no more, but I hopes ye'll 'joy what dar is, an' I wishes 'twas five times as much."

A look of sudden intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes; he bit his lip for a moment, and then asked quietly:

"Couldn't you have laid aside some for us, Thanksgiving?"

"Well, dar now! 'spose I could," said the old servant, relenting at the tone. "B'lieve I will next time. Allers kind o' thought de folks things belonged to had de best right to 'em; but I'd heard givin' whatever happened was so much freer an' lovin'er way o' servin' dem ye love best, dat I thought I'd try it. But it does 'pear 'sif dey fared slim, an' I 'spects I'll go back to de ole plan o' systematics."

"Do you see George?" questioned the wife, when they were again alone.

"Yes, I see. An object lesson with a vengeance!"

"And if she should be right, and our careless giving seem anything like this?" pursued Mrs. Allyn, with troubled face.

"She is right, Fanny; it doesn't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our King and Master; believe that every blessing we have in this world is his direct gift, and all our hopes for the world to come are in him. We profess to be not our own but his, to be journeying toward his royal city, and that his service is our chief business here; and yet, strangely enough, we provide lavishly for our own appareling, entertainment and ease, and apportion nothing for the interests of his kingdom or the forwarding of his work, but leave that to any chance pence that may happen to be left after all our wants and fancies are gratified. It doesn't seem like very faithful or loving service," Mr. Allyn answered, gravely. "I have been thinking in that direction occasionally, lately, but have been too indolent, careless or selfish to come to a decision and make any change."

There was a long talk over that dinner table—indeed, it did not furnish opportunity for much other employment; and that afternoon the husband and wife together examined into their expenses and income, and set apart a certain portion as sacred unto their Lord—doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of "good measure." To do this, they found required the giving up of some needless indulgences—a few accustomed luxuries. But a cause never grows less dear on account of the sacrifice we make for it, and as these two scanned the various fields of labor, in deciding what to bestow here and what there, they awoke to a new appreciation of the magnitude and glory of the work, and a new interest in its success—the beginning of that blessing pronounced upon those who "sow beside all waters."

Mrs. Allyn told Thanksgiving of their new arrangement, and concluded, laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes:

"So you see we have adopted the 'systematic' plan, too; and you needn't starve us for supper, Thanksgivin' Ann, you dear, faithful old soul!"

Silas heard of the change in that mysterious way in which he contrived to hear of everything that happened anywhere within a circuit of ten miles of him, and coming to the old colored woman that evening as, with face of content, she occupied once more her favorite seat in the doorway, he launched forth on the subject at once:

"An' now I 'spose you're satisfied."

"I's 'mazin' glad," said Thanksgiving, looking up brightly; "but *satisfied*—dat's a long, deep word, an' de Bible says it'll be when we 'awake in his likeness."

"Wall, now, I don't perless none of these kind of things," said Silas, standing on one foot and swinging the other, "but I don't mind tellin' ye that I think your way's right, an' I don't b'lieve nobody ever lost nothin' by what they give to God; 'cause he's pretty certain to pay it back with compound interest to them, you see."

"Mebby so; but don't ye think, Silas Ridge-low, dat it's a drefful mean way to offer a little gift to yer best an' dearest friend—a calk'latin' dat he'll pay back more?"

"Wa-ll, ye see folks don't always feel right," observed Silas, dropping dexterously on the other foot.

"No, dey don't. When ebery body feels right, an' does right, dat'll be de millennium. Does yer know dar's a prophecy 'bout de time when even de bells of de hosses shall hab' holiness to de Lord' on 'em? Don't know what dat means, 'less 'tis dat de rich folks' carriages behind de hosses shall be goin' on his arrands, an' carryin' part of de time, 'de least of dese, his brederin.' Guess de lovin'll have got so strong den dar'll be no thinkin' about prayin'," said the old woman, musingly. "Well, I's glad of de faint streak of dat day dat's come to dis house!" And she went in with her old song upon her lips:

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice of melody."

THE devil never goes into a warm prayer-meeting to invite people to go to the theater.

SABBATH REFORM.

NATIONAL REFORM CONVENTION.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

THURSDAY EVENING, Nov. 16th.

The inclosed is from the *Press* of Thursday. Just before noon to-day,—last day of the Convention—Dr. George came to me and said that they had decided to give me *five minutes* at the close of the A. M. programme, *i. e.*, after 12 M. I accepted the $\frac{1}{2}$ of a loaf and said:

When I saw the call for this Convention, and the scope of the themes to be considered, I thought it large enough to include the discussion of the claims of the Sabbath as an important factor in the question of Sabbath Reform, hence I came here as an accredited delegate from the American Sabbath Tract Society. But as your committee on 'enrollment' has decided that I may not be recognized under the 'call,' I thank you for the courtesy of these minutes. I am in hearty accord with you touching the questions of Temperance, Social Purity, Divorce, Chinese Exclusion, Labor Problem, and Negro Problem, etc. We Seventh-day Baptists recognize the Bible and the religion of Christ as the only source of help in the solution and adjustment of these problems. But the larger question on which I desire to speak to you, not merely as a Seventh-day Baptist, but as a Christian man, to Christian men, is the fundamental error in your efforts toward Sabbath Reform. The Bible is the only standard by which that question can be settled, and according to that Book the primary trouble, and the permanent error, lies with Christians. You say that Christians support the Sunday papers in Pittsburg, patronize the Sunday trains, etc. In this you are right. Christians began the work of demoralization, of destroying conscience long ago when they cast the Sabbath and God's law aside, and put Sunday and the civil law in their place. In the English Reformation, your English and Scotch ancestors, standing between the fire from the Roman Catholics on one side and the English Seventh-day Baptists on the other, undertook to compromise the matter by transferring the law of God to the Sunday. Honest as the effort may have been, and earnest and conscious as you may now be, this disregarding of the Sabbath and God's law has destroyed the public conscience. You complain that men disregard Sunday, and the civil law; you, as Christians, set the example by first disregarding God's law, and his Sabbath.

"This is not a matter between you and the Seventh-day Baptists. It is between you and God. The important question is not whether you shall grant me membership or courtesy in this Convention; but how you will settle your attitude toward God's day with him. Day after to-morrow you will come to God's day, his holy Sabbath, the day which Christ dejudaised, kept, honored, enlarged, and purified to make it the Christian Sabbath; will you make it your "busy Saturday" regardless of what God's Word says? You may think that the question of the "change of the Sabbath" is settled. It is not. Sinai is a granite fact. Christ's observance of the Sabbath—not Sunday—is a fact; soon or late, you, and the Christian world, must meet this issue. I speak courteously but with an earnestness born of conviction. This is my present mission to you. I stand to defend God's Sabbath, and to urge its claims, and I thank you again for this brief opportunity of suggesting this the fundamental error in popular "Sabbath Reform."

A. H. LEWIS.

NATIONAL REFORMS.

The liquor traffic in all its ramifications and various bearings occupied nearly all the attention of the National Reform Association this morning. Earnest appeals for its prohibition were made, and the government severely scored for the part it has taken in the traffic. The program was closely adhered to, and some of the speakers excited considerable enthusiasm. The extemporaneous discussion of the race problem was one of the interesting features of the exercises. Rev. Dr. A. H. Lewis, of Plainfield, N. J., who had been sent to the convention as a delegate from the American Sabbath Tract Society, but who, on account of his views on the Sunday question, was refused recognition as a delegate, was allowed a five-minute speech just before adjournment at noon. He forcibly expressed his views on the observance of Sunday, which were contrary to those held by the Association.

The session was opened in the First United Presbyterian church, Union avenue, Allegheny, with devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. J. S. T. Milligan, of Beaver. The attendance was large, and considerable interest was evidenced on the opening of the last day of the convention.

The discussion of the question of "The relation of the national reform movement to the salvation of souls" was introduced by Rev. I. N. Rose, pastor of the Wylie Avenue A. M. E. Church. He presided during the morning session. One-minute speeches were permitted, and addresses were made by Revs. J. S. T. Milligan, D. C. Martin and P. H. Wylie.

D. J. T. McCrory opened the discussion of the resolutions on the liquor traffic. The theme of his address was: "The drink traffic and the law of Christ." R. S. Smith, cashier of the Union National bank, discussed the "Effect of the liquor traffic on trade." He said it utilizes capital and men as any other branch of trade, but that it is not legitimate; consumed energy and ability that could be put to better use. He also paralyzed the audience by enumerating the thousand and one ingredients that are supposed to enter into the composition of liquors of various kinds.

Rev. R. C. Wylie, of Wilkesburg, addressed the convention on "The labor problem solved only by Christ's law." He said that Christ's law would solve every question that could be raised. Christ's law will inculcate virtue and morality in domestic life, which is the very foundation of not only the labor problem, but all other social questions. Workmen have themselves in many cases only to blame if they do not save their earnings and become capitalists.

"The race problem as it relates to the law of Christ," was discussed by Rev. Dr. Asbury, presiding elder of the Pittsburg district of the A. M. E. Church. He treated the subject in a novel manner, and by his off-hand sallies struck the heart of the problem that is exciting much interest. He did not maintain that all his people were good, but said they had to a great extent been taught the vices by the white population. All he asked was fair play.

Dr. A. H. Lewis, on motion of Dr. A. H. George, was permitted to make a five-minute speech just before adjournment for the afternoon. He explained that he was in hearty accord with the convention in dealing with all questions before it except its stand on the Sunday question. He affirmed his belief that the church was responsible for the present disregard for the observance because it was illogical in its stand on the question.

Anthony Comstock arrived from New York this morning and will speak to-night.—*Pittsburg Press.*

THE SABBATH CAUSE IN LOUISIANA.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

The enclosed letters from the pastor of the church at Hammond, La., are just at hand. They are intended for your columns, and I gladly forward them with the hope that this case reported, which illustrate the truth: "A word fitly spoken how good it is," may strengthen others to go and do likewise.

A. H. LEWIS.

HAMMOND, LA., Nov. 16, 1893

Dear Brother:—The brethren and sisters present at the North-Western Association last June at Farina, Ill., will remember that in making my report of the progress of our cause in the South-West, I referred to a young man of New Iberia, La., who has recently embraced the Sabbath of the Bible.

The circumstances in brief are these: Last April, while attending our State Sabbath-school Convention at New Orleans, I was providentially assigned a boarding place with this young brother. Others also were assigned to the same place. As we approached our temporary home the young brother exclaimed, "Are there any Baptists in this crowd? I am from New Iberia, and am about the only Baptist there, so am somewhat lonesome when at home," or something to this effect. At this point one of the other brethren knowing me introduced us as brother Baptists. As we were shaking hands, I remarked, that perhaps there was after all one element in my Baptist doctrine that he could not accept, stating farther that I was a *Seventh-day* Baptist. From the first the young man seemed very much interested to know what our peculiarity was, and why we held it. I remarking, "Its because we are Baptists, *i. e.*, we believe it takes both letter and spirit to make full obedience." We conversed on the subject several times during the Convention, and on bidding him good bye, I handed him Bro. Maurer's "Baptist Consistency," and "The True Sabbath Embraced and Observed," asking him at the same time to give them a careful reading and comparison with the Scriptures, and then write me what he thought; little supposing however that in less than three months he would have decided, and that all alone, to keep the Lord's Sabbath. But it don't require much time when prejudice and fear of man is removed.

This young man is about twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age, has a wife and two children. By profession he is a blacksmith, and in all his work is having a hard time of it, keeping God's Sabbath all alone in a city of some 6,000 inhabitants. He certainly needs the prayers and sympathy of all Sabbath-keeping people. Might say farther that this young man is not only a fine singer, but more, has had impressions that he ought to become a minister of the gospel.

The following letter, which we ask may be published, will give also something of the young man's mental and spiritual qualifications, may the Lord bless him in his new and unpopular practice. Sincerely yours,

G. W. LEWIS.

NEW IBERIA, LA., Nov. 4, 1893.

Rev. G. W. Lewis, My dear Brother:—I received your welcome letter the latter part of last month. Was so glad to hear from you and that you were able to prepare a sermon to preach on God's holy day. I wish you were here to-day that we might spend this evening together. The pastor of the Methodist Church Bro. F. S. Parker called on me yesterday evening and informed me that he and I could not work together any longer, the only and specific reason being the keeping of the fourth commandment, as the children of Israel kept it, and were taught of God through Moses, and as our Saviour Jesus Christ kept it.

My dear brother, you would rejoice with me if you were here so I could tell you how I feel. I can truly say with the Psalmist, "In His law do I meditate day and night;" and "He will not withhold any good thing from them that walk uprightly."

I will now give you a brief history of my experiences in this place, religiously. Six years ago next January I landed in this town. There being no Baptist Church in the place, I attended the M. E. Church, South, and became a regular attendant at all its meetings. During the first year the officers wanted to elect me as superintendent of the Sunday-school but could not on account of the discipline of the church, whereupon I was appointed teacher of the Bible class, which position I held by a faithful performance of my duty until my successor was appointed this morning, the only reason for my removal being the observance of the Sabbath-day according to the commandment. I was president of the Young People's Missionary Society until to-day I tendered my resignation having been president of the society since its organization about two years ago. About three years ago I was among the number that organized a branch of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the M. E. Church, South, and was elected president for the first and other terms, and I am now a constituent member of the same, acting as chairman of the Missionary Committee, which position I expect to resign at their next business meeting, on account of the pastor not being willing to have me connected with any of the societies of the church. Therefore I cheerfully step down and out, and lo I turn to the Seventh-day Baptists, the denomination to which I should belong (although I have never been a member of the M. E. Church, South), and will belong, God willing, as soon as I have the opportunity.

I will close this letter with a prayer that God will establish a Seventh-day Baptist Church in this place, and God willing my efforts shall be in that direction, prompted by the love of him and his law. Your brother in Christ,

S. A. BENTHALL.

MISSIONS.

AN old-fashioned New England Thanksgiving day, when people go up to the house of God to worship, praise, and pray; to recount the goodness of God and his abundant mercies during the year; and then to go to their homes to enjoy the family reunion and a good visit with invited guests, to partake at the festive board the abundant goodies which skillful housewives know how to make, is a day and a custom that should never wane or run out. Just as long as we exist as a nation may the National and State Thanksgiving Proclamation never cease to be proclaimed, and socially and religiously observed. This day, however, should be one for practical thought, and personal improvement.

1. It should be a day of *gratitude* to God, and not a day of feasting and festivity only. In it we should remember the Giver of all our good things, our successes, our joys, our mercies, and give to him loyal, loving hearts, and pledge to him consecrated lives.

2. It should be a day of *thanksgiving*. It is a good time to exercise unselfishness. It should not be a day in which to remember only *our own* and feast *ourselves*. In it we should remember others, the poor, the destitute, the unfortunate, the unhappy, so many about us. Christ came not to be ministered to, but to minister to others. The greatest happiness and joy we can get out of this hum drum world is in making others joyous and happy and it is very Christ-like.

3. It should be a day in which to *remember God's work in the world*. Every Christian is a

steward of God and a laborer with God. For *what* are temporal blessings, and the gold, and the silver? Means for spiritual ends. To bring to pass the kingdom of God, a kingdom of life, and light, and salvation. To evangelize the world and develop it in righteousness and Christ-likeness. Is not Thanksgiving day a good day in which to *substantially* remember the needs of that work, and to reconsecrate our lives to it? God help us to do it in this Thanksgiving day. O. U. W.

ON our way to the Central Association to spend a few weeks among the churches we spent a few days in New York. On Sabbath evening we attended the covenant meeting of the church held at the house of Bro. Stephen Babcock. After an interesting Sabbath-school we preached Sabbath morning for Pastor Burdick and aided him in the administration of the Lord's Supper. There was a very full attendance of our people. Sabbath night it was our privilege to be present at a very pleasant and enjoyable reception given to Dr. Ella F. Swinney, by Dr. Phoebe J. B. Wait at her home. There were about sixty guests present and a number who could not attend sent their regrets. We clip and send the following account of the reception from the Sunday issue of the *New York Herald*:

RECEPTION TO A LADY DOCTOR.

Dr. Ella F. Swinney, who established one of the first woman's hospitals in Shanghai, China, and who has been enjoying a brief vacation in New York, was given a farewell reception last evening by Dr. Phoebe Wait, Dean of the New York Medical College for Women, and a number of her medical *confreres*, at Dr. Wait's residence, corner Ninth avenue and Thirty-fourth street.

Dr. Wait and Dr. Swinney received the guests, assisted by Miss Langworthy, who was costumed as a Chinese girl. The Oriental books, pictures, photographs, embroideries and costumes which Dr. Swinney brought from China were on exhibition.

Mme. Alberti gave a series of Greek recitations and "The Spinning Wheel Song." A supper, served in Chinese fashion, followed.

Among the guests in the drawing rooms, which were decorated with Chinese lanterns and Cameliu, were Dr. Chapin-Minard, Dr. and Mrs. Gillette, Rev. J. G. Burdick, Rev. O. U. Whitford, Mr. and Mrs. George Bugey, Miss Allen, of Providence; Mr. and Mrs. J. Rudiger, Miss Anna Langworthy, Mr. Jas. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Tremaine, Mrs. Van Patten, the Misses Hayden, Mrs. Henry Rogers, Miss Jessie Rogers, Miss Pearl Fitch and Miss Anna Carpenter.

Dr. Swinney, after spending nearly six weeks in the city visiting hospitals, attending clinics, gathering knowledge and strength for her work has returned to Smyrna, Del., to spend a week or so, then goes with her mother to Shiloh, N. J., to spend the remainder of her stay in the homeland with her brother, Dr. John Swinney. Providence permitting she starts about the middle of December for China.

Sunday afternoon we attended the Tract Board meeting at Plainfield, N. J., at which meeting the Board took some important steps for the future prosecution of their work, all of which you will note in the published minutes of said meeting.

Monday forenoon, at eleven o'clock, we attended the Baptist Ministers' Monday meeting. Venerable Dr. Hiscox had presented a paper the Monday before on the Sabbath question, taking strong ground that there was no authority in the New Testament for the transfer of the Sabbath to Sunday. This Monday's meeting was for the discussion of said paper. There was a very full attendance. There were four

Seventh-day Baptist ministers present, but they had no privileges in the meeting only to be attentive hearers and take notes if they desired. The discussion, strange to say, was begun by a son of a Seventh-day Baptist minister, the late honored and lamented Rev. Geo. E. Tomlinson. He was rapidly followed by others, and so warm was the discussion and so many wished to take part the time had to be extended. To me the discussion was amusing. Evidently Dr. Hiscox had thrown a Sabbath bombshell among them. There was such a *wonderful unity* of reason and argument for Sunday keeping!! When I was a theological student in New York, there was a church building in the city so mottled and striped with brick and granite we boys used to designate the church as the Church of the Holy Zebra. Such was the diversity of reasons and of the lines of argument given by those Baptist divines for Sunday keeping I could not help thinking of that Church of the Holy Zebra. It certainly was very Zebraic. I wonder if the arguments of these Baptist divines for immersion are as Zebraic. Since Dr. A. H. Lewis is to give an account of their meeting I forbear further comment. I am here with my mother and brother, experiencing, after such lovely autumn weather we have had, an old fashioned snow storm. O. U. W.

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1893.

FROM S. R. WHEELER, BOULDER, COL.

Dear Bro.:—The record of another quarter's work is written for time and eternity. I gave you just a brief note of my visit to Calhan, El Paso Co., in last report. The 5th of July I went to Calhan and was from home about a week. Preached four sermons, organized the church on Sabbath and on First-day held a business meeting. Elected officers and did such other things as seemed necessary to keep the work moving. A pulpit committee was appointed which, as I am informed, has done good service providing for Sabbath meetings. Elder O. D. Williams, resident there, has not always been able to attend Sabbath services on account of severe neuralgia in the head. Sermons have been read by different individuals. Thus, with the Sabbath-school, service has been maintained on the Sabbath with interest and profit. I trust you will hear directly from that church. The Boulder Church has not missed a Sabbath service this quarter. In my absence in July, S. C. Davis, pastor of the Boulder Baptist Church, preached for our people. Prayer-meeting on Sabbath evening at my house, preaching and Sabbath-school on Sabbath are the regular weekly services. During the quarter ten have been added to us by letter. We now number twenty-four.

Since the 1st of July I have preached five Sunday nights in the private parlors just across the street from our house. This by special invitation. The rooms are commodious, and these meetings have been fairly well attended and much enjoyed, especially by the lady of the house.

We had a special church meeting, Aug. 27th, elected trustees, and made arrangement for incorporating the church according to Colorado laws. The following week the proper action was taken, and the church is now in condition to hold property. September 27th the ladies organized with 15 members. The sickness and death of Bro. Tucker, considerable depression and physical indisposition thereafter, with other minor causes, have hindered these Christian women from organizing at an earlier date. We attended to the communion service the first

Sabbath in September. This service comes once in three months. The church became a member of the North-Western Association last June, and in August was received as a member of the General Conference. This gives you some thing of what we have been doing as a church since last report.

Now another word: A Ministerial Union composed of the pastors of the Boulder City churches has been organized recently. I have my place in this Union, and our people are called upon to help carry forward some work already proposed to the churches and citizens by this Union. Also we are invited to take our part in the county Bible-school Association which holds its annual session this year in Boulder, in October. Thus our influence as a Christian church is being recognized. We intend by the grace of God to do this work well for the truth's sake and the glory of our heavenly Master. Financially our people are poor. Three persons pledged \$100 for my support for the year ending with next March. Half of this was by our deceased Bro. Tucker. Probably it will be difficult to raise \$100 on this field next year. I have tried to give you clear information of the work actually done, and something of our condition, that you may be able to consider our cases intelligently.

The reports from the General Conference at Milton were very encouraging. Now, I thought, are we not in condition to take hold of this Colorado work with a strong hand? See what strength to our cause the Nortonville church gives. Now for a representative church here some 700 miles west of Nortonville, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. A representative church so far removed from the main body of our people stands as a towering monument pointing all beholders to the unbroken law of God. And what a refuge for our own and for others who please to come and join in our glorious work! Brethren, why not take the Napoleonic plan this year concerning Boulder? Concentrate and establish our cause here. Then turn with concentrated vigor to some other point. I have thought that with the encouragement the Missionary Board could give, perhaps the youth of our denomination would take hold and secure to us a house of worship. What a grand work for our Christian Endeavor Societies! How well satisfied with themselves because of doing this work! How strong and self-confident in God it would make them to go forward in other noble work! As said last time, we are seriously inconvenienced and crippled in our usefulness for want of a house of worship. We are praying the Lord to show us the way that we may thus be provided for. What a glorious work it is our privilege to do! Workers together with God! The Lord sustain us all in this great calling.

FROM A. G. CROFOOT.

Dear Brother:—Another three months have passed into eternity. What has the record been? I cannot see that I have accomplished much of anything; but I have tried to do my duty. One young lady has joined the church by baptism.

Some of the young people are away at school, but those who remain seem determined to do all they can to keep up the interest in the meetings. The financial depression affects some of our people to quite an extent; but I believe they do not intend to rob the Lord, or give him the short end.

This has been a poor year for farmers as wheat has averaged from eight to sixteen bush-

els to the acre, while some years the average is from fifteen to thirty bushels to the acre. Farmers cannot pay many debts at the present prices for wheat. Still I believe that farmers can do as well here with a small capital as almost anywhere. The soil is good and land not dear. We usually have plenty of rain; but this season has been the dryest that we have had in a good many years.

It is now eight years since I commenced work on this field. I am sad when I think of how little has been accomplished for the Master. I rejoice over the little that has been done and am determined to try harder to do more in the future. About one-half of the present resident membership have joined the church since I came here. These are nearly all young people, and we hope and expect much from them for the future of the church.

I was cheered and encouraged by the meetings of the General Conference.

It was my privilege to attend the Iowa Yearly Meeting at Garwin the first of September, as delegate from the Minnesota Semi-annual Meeting. Brother Socwell is to leave them the first of November for the Welton Church.

It seems to me that the Garwin Church and Missionary Board should keep some one at work on that field so that we do not lose what we have already gained there.

Pray for the churches and the workers on the frontier.

FROM D. K. DAVIS.

Dear Brother:—Through the blessing of an infinitely kind heavenly Father, I am now permitted to submit my third quarterly report for the current year. The first Sabbath of the quarter was the occasion of the Scandinavian Yearly Meeting with the Dell Rapids Church. As an invitation was extended to our people to attend that meeting, we did not hold service, and about twenty-two of our congregation attended. Since then there has been no interruption in our Sabbath service. I was absent four weeks at the session of our Conference and subsequently, but the desk, with the exception of one Sabbath, was filled by a Methodist local preacher. Our Bible-school and Endeavor Society meetings are still maintained.

Our farmers are now engaged in threshing. Wheat and oats are a fair crop, but barley, flax and millet are very light. Price of grain is very low. At this writing, wheat is 45 cts. per bushel, and oats 18 or 19 cts. Other crops are equally low.

We are very sorry to part with Dea. H. C. Severance and his excellent family, who have moved away temporarily on account of the sickness of his wife; but are glad to welcome among us a family from Milton, and another from Dell Rapids. Under the divine blessing we hope to maintain our standing as a church and in course of time become self-supporting.

SMYTH, South Dakota, Oct. 15, 1893.

FROM H. B. LEWIS.

We report for the quarter that the regular services of the Sabbath have been kept up. Prayer and conference meeting before sermon Sabbath morning has increased in interest and in the number taking part. In my pastoral work I have made it a point to call the attention of the young people who have not made a profession of religion to the importance of becoming Christians. The result is that three have just been baptized and so publicly put on Christ. This church gave me a call to re-

main another year, and there have been many urgent requests for me to stay, but from the condition of my health and age, and the circumstances of our home, so far from favorable surroundings, I do not think it best for me or the church, to accept. With all the years of active service and the many I have had the privilege of baptizing into the church of Christ, it is with reluctance that I retire from the work. I am thankful that many of the young over whom I have had an influence, are coming on to take my place and that of others in the great work of saving the lost. I am also very grateful to the Missionary Board for the aid they have rendered me in this work.

WATSON, N. Y.

FROM E. H. SOCWELL.

Rev. O. U. Whitford, Dear Brother:—I herewith enclose my report for the quarter just closed, which you will observe is very much the same as former reports. There is nothing of special importance to note from my field, but I can report an ordinary healthful condition of affairs here in Iowa.

The meetings at Grand Junction are attended by the whole society, except evening meetings, when all the people do not always attend. The interest at this point is good and the prospect very encouraging for the future. Since my last report we received one member into that church by baptism and one by letter, while another sister will soon unite by letter. The prospect is that this society will receive several additions during the coming year. The interest at Garwin continues good and services are well attended by the greater part of our people. Two candidates are now awaiting baptism, which will probably be administered next Sabbath.

The future prospect at Garwin is not as encouraging as we wish it was, since several families contemplate removing from here in the spring. Land has increased in value rapidly in the last few years and rent has advanced in a corresponding ratio, till many of our people do not feel able to purchase homes here and are unwilling to pay the high rate of rent asked. The result is that some have already been induced to leave here and others think of leaving soon. The larger part of those leaving Garwin contemplate locating at Grand Junction, where some have already gone. I am sorry, indeed, that this condition of affairs exists at Garwin, but I know of no way to remedy the matter. It is simply the repetition of what has occurred in many of our societies in the past and has resulted in almost the extinction of some of our once strong churches. I sincerely trust that there will not be the disastrous result here at Garwin, and it will not be, if those who now own homes here will unite in prosecuting the Lord's work and labor together for the building up of the church in this place.

I have one more month to remain here then, as you already know, we remove to Welton and take up the labor there. We shall feel sad when we turn our faces from Garwin, where, for more than five years we have lived and toiled, where during these years we have tried to share in the hardships as well as the prosperity of the people, but duty points in that direction and we must sacrifice feelings very often if we follow duty.

I report for the quarter 13 weeks of labor, 22 sermons, 15 prayer-meetings, 43 visits, 996 pages of tracts distributed, 1 addition by baptism, 1 by letter, traveling expenses \$18 19.

Profiting by the mistakes of the past, I trustfully enter upon the work of the coming quarter, praying God to bless and guide.

WOMAN'S WORK.

TRUST.

I know not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or day or night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafed from the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land! safe to the land!
The end is this;
And then with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

—Henry Alford.

THE PASSING OF THE BIRDS.

From out the heart of an autumnal day
A sound unwonted took the listening ear;
At first dim in the sky and far away,
But ever waxing louder and more clear.

And then a mighty shadow seemed to come
Between the sun and me, and all the air
Shook vibrantly, gave forth a grave, great hum,
Till heaven became a populous thoroughfare

Of strenuous wings that beat the blue in time;
Birds numberless, yet one in joy of flight
And the desire to make a warmer clime
Wherein to mate and nest and have delight.

A hundred wind-harps played in unison
Their passing was; a sight of buoyancy
Beyond us earthlings; of my memories, one
Most fraught with sense of fetterless grace and glee.

—Richard Burton.

THANKSGIVING.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the night;
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is drear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank Thee, O Father, for song and for feast—
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased;
For never a blessing encompassed earth's child,
But Thou in Thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

We thank Thee, O Father of all, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul help that sad souls understand.

We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee—
That all our eternity form, through Thy love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above.

—Will Carleton.

"Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving."

(Clippings from *Helping Hand*.)

"LET the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us," was the motto of the last year's graduating class at the Tripoli Girl's School.

SO EAGER were the natives of Uganda to buy portions of the Scripture that the missionary was obliged to bolt and barricade his house and sell from the window, to avoid the crush of the multitude.

A CHINESE, who had been for thirty-nine years the slave of opium smoking, gave up the practice, and his reform seemed likely to be permanent. When asked how he had broken off the terrible habit, he replied: "I used my two knees."

MISS CROWTHER, of Chin Chew, giving the journal of a day's work, beginning early, ending late, full of toil and trouble, adds: "A missionary's life is the happiest in the world."

"I AM grateful to God for allowing me to work in this heathen land so many years," says Miss Barrows, of Burma.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The first record we find, in regard to an annual thanksgiving, is in Exodus 23:16, where God's people were commanded, in connection with other feasts, to hold a day of thanksgiving to celebrate the ingathering of the harvests at the end of the year.

In the New Testament we find the duty of rendering praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for blessings bestowed upon his people, continually urged by Christ and his apostles.

History records, that in 1608, the Pilgrim church, exiled from England, went to Holland and remained there till 1620, when it sent off the Mayflower colony to New England. After the first harvests of the colonists at Plymouth, in 1621, Gov. Bradford sent four men out fowling that they might after a more special manner rejoice together. In 1623 a day of fasting and prayer was appointed on account of drought. Rain came abundantly while they were praying, and the governor appointed a day of thanksgiving, which was observed with religious services. Special days of thanksgiving were observed by the colonists at various times for deliverance from threatened famine and for supplies received from the mother country. In 1680 it seems to have become an annual custom for the colonial governors to appoint a day of thanksgiving, on account of the ingathering of the harvest in the late autumn.

During the Revolutionary War Thanksgiving Day was a national institution, being annually recommended by Congress; but after the general thanksgiving for peace in 1784, the annual proclamations were discontinued by the Presidents. The official recommendations for Thanksgiving Day were mainly confined to New England, where regular annual proclamations were issued by the Governors of the States, and the day was observed almost universally, with religious services, and was the principal social and home festival of the year. In 1863 and 1864 Lincoln issued proclamations, since which time such proclamations have been issued annually by the Presidents, as well as by the Governors of the States and the mayors of the principal cities; and custom has fixed the time for the last Thursday in November.

Although these proclamations still continue in the old form of requesting the people to assemble in their various places of worship on the appointed day, we cannot deny the fact that this custom has materially changed since the time of our forefathers, and the attendance in both country and town is very small. In a village, where there are five or six churches, a union service is usually agreed upon by the different pastors, and even then there is but a small attendance, showing that the majority of the people consider it as one of the principal holidays for family gatherings, visiting, feasting and sporting.

One good feature, however, still remains, that of sending portions of the good things provided to those who may be unable to provide for themselves. This is done to a great extent, by our business men who employ laborers in different departments of business, as well as others, who have the means and desire to con-

tribute to the happiness and enjoyment of those less favored.

The religious persecutions carried on in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Europe brought to this country a class of conscientious, religious and educated people. The exactions of the mother country upon these colonies, caused them to form a confederation for resistance; this brought on the War of the Revolution, which gave us freedom and a national Republican government. The late Civil War resulted in the overthrow of slavery and the recognition of the rights of men, in accord with the letter and spirit of our constitution. Through all these changes and developments there has come to us a greater degree of Christian civilization and prosperity than to any other nation of which we have any record. For these and all our material and spiritual blessings we have the greatest reason for thanksgiving to Almighty God. Let us then remember, as the Scriptures saith, that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." P.

THE Woman's Missionary and Aid Society of the Boulder Church was organized Sept. 17, 1893. It is in good working order, holding meetings once in two weeks. The present officers are: President, S. F. Wheeler; Corresponding Secretary, Emma Terry; Recording Secretary, Mary Wheeler Andrews; Treasurer, Mattie L. Burdick.

Our dear Sisters:—Mrs. E. M. Dunn, Milton, Wisconsin, the Recording Secretary of the Woman's Board, has charge of the sale of the photographs of Dr. E. F. Swinney, of China, and would be glad to fill orders for them from any of our churches, Ladies' Benevolent Societies, or of individual members. The Associational Secretaries are requested to find places for them on their various fields, but we desire to urge every sister of our denomination to send for at least one for herself. There is no home among us which would not be blessed by the pictured presence of our devoted medical missionary; and shall we not all feel willing to express some interest in her self-sacrificing labor in the far-off land, by at least contributing in this small way to the carrying forward of her work.

Let us make the effort to thus place her in every Seventh-day Baptist home, and as we look upon her beautiful, spiritual face let us be inspired to pray, to labor and to give toward the cause she represents. The photographs in cabinet size cost only 25 cents, and the larger ones for framing, only 50 cents, and the artist kindly shares the proceeds of their sale with your Woman's Board, so that a small outlay on your part, not only brings you great good but helps forward her work. Let us be cheered by a multitude of orders.

Yours in the work,

MRS. ALBERT WHITFORD, Cor. Sec.

THOUGHTS FOR THANKSGIVING.

BY MARY D. TOMLINSON.

"I am so thankful that I am thankful," was the exclamation of one of our faithful sisters at a Thanksgiving service held one year ago in the room of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in Plainfield, N. J.

The reasons that prompted this remark were not because she had an abundance of wealth from which she could furnish a dinner to destitute families, as many had done that day; neither could she contribute towards the church and charitable institutions as her heart would

desire, and many persons similarly situated would have spent the day in sad repinings over their inability to render service, thus causing themselves and their friends great unhappiness. Not so with our good friend, for her face beamed with the joy that was in her heart. She had known sorrow, and like others, had passed through the deep waters when loved ones had been taken from the home. What then is the secret of her happy life? She possesses the pearl of great price; found it when a young girl, and has so carefully treasured the jewel rare, that it shines with a brilliancy in look, voice and action.

Is it possible for us all to possess this contented spirit, you may inquire? We are constituted differently, and while one may be blessed with a hopeful disposition, another may be disposed to see only the discouraging side of life, which tendency cannot be mastered without a complete crucifixion of self, and supported by divine wisdom. In all things to be content requires much courage, trust and resignation, so that in the deepest trials one may find some consolation, spiritual or otherwise, for which to be thankful. If we can truly realize as did Paul, that all things, losses, pains, afflictions, trials, bereavements, work together for good to them that love God, and so in everything and for everything that is sanctified to our good in bringing us nearer to the Father and teaching us that supreme and sweetest lesson of his grace—perfect acquiescence to his will as always best for us, we will give thanks.

I was impressed with the practical illustration of this thought during the past summer. A gentleman almost entirely blind expressed himself as sincerely thankful that he was blind rather than deaf; because he could listen to the reading of the daily papers and good books; could attend Sabbath service, the missionary society, meeting of the bank directors, etc., and hear every word uttered.

Another gentleman, totally deaf, said he could not be thankful enough that he was not blind, for he could read, walk about at his pleasure, enjoy nature in her various moods, and look into the faces of his friends. Truly, thought I, they indeed are blessed who can say, "I am satisfied."

"Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free,
The blessings of thy grace impart
And make me live for thee."

He who knows the end from the beginning cannot and will not be unfaithful to his children. If he wounds, the healing balm of Gilead will be the restorative; if the road is rugged, the little talks with Jesus are grand stepping stones to bring our tired feet up on the plains of peace. And if our burdens are heavy, he says:

"Child of my love, lean hard,
And let me feel the pressure of thy care,
I know thy burden child, I shaped it,
Poised it in my own head, made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength.
Before I ever laid it on I said,
'I shall be ever near, and while she leans on me
The burden shall be mine not hers,
So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
Of mine own love.'—Then lay it down nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come,
Thou art not near enough. I would embrace thy care
So I might feel my child reposing on my heart.
Thou lovest me? I doubt it not,
Then loving me, lean hard."

In what other way than pouring our words of praise into his ears can we show our gratitude?

He praiseth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear Lord who loveth us
Hath made and loveth all.

The praise most acceptable to him is the increase of good works, sharing our spiritual as

well as our temporal blessings with those who are deprived of them, brightening up lives that are bereft of gladness by our sympathy, making the world know more of the glad sunshine, because we can reflect the light we have received from the Sun of Righteousness.

A lady of position and property, anxious about her neighbors, provided religious services for them. She was very deaf, could scarcely hear at all. On one occasion one of her preachers managed to make her understand him, and at the close of their conversation asked, "But what part do you take in the work?" "Oh," she replied, "I smile them in, and I smile them out." Very soon the preacher saw the result of her generous loving sympathy, in a multitude of broad-shouldered, hard-fisted men who entered the place of worship, delighted to get a smile from her as she used to stand in the door-way to receive them. Why do not the working classes attend the house of God? They would in greater numbers, if self-denying, Christ-loving Christians would smile them in, and smile them out.

It is not great things that is necessary, but the little cup of cold water given in the right spirit, the gentle reproof given because you desire to render assistance to one who perchance has been tempted, as you never have, and the love that shines from your face bestowed upon the wayward one, may lead a soul to heights you and I might strive to attain. All of these will bring our hearts into the true spirit of thanksgiving which shall indeed be a well-spring of joy.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Nov. 15, 1893.

THANKSGIVING.

The beautiful summer is cold and dead,
She has passed away like the rest—
The other fair summers long since fled
From the woods and the meadow crest.
The blossoms of spring were white and sweet,
But they paled and shrank from the touch of the heat
The fields are shining yellow and dun,
Where the autumn gathered its tail of grain;
We thank thee, Lord, for the blessed sun,
We thank thee for the rain.

One beautiful summer is passed and fled,
We are older grown and gray,
The spring is gone from the youthful tread,
The laugh from the lips once gay;
The childish hope in the childish eyes
Is darkened by many a sad surprise.
But the promise stands sure as then it stood,
We can smile in loss as we smiled in gain,
And we thank thee, Lord of the year, for the good,
And we bless thee for the pain.

--Susan Coolidge.

THE GRAND OLD DAY.

They are coming! They are coming! Let the breezes
Lisp the tale,
Let the mountains look and see them on the century's
upward trail!
Let the valleys smile their blindest, and the lakes their
parents greet,
As their rivers seek the oceans with their silver-slippered
feet!
Let all pleasure be more pleasant, let all griefs with help
be nerved,
Let all blessings praise their sources, with the thanks
that are deserved!
Every spirit should look heavenward, every heart should
tribute pay,
To the Soul of souls that treats us to the Grand Old
Day!
—Will Carlton.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

In so far as prayer acts at all, its action is unconditioned by time or space. According to Dr. Talmage's beautiful definition, "Prayer is the slender nerve that moves the muscles of Omnipotence." The Rev. Jonathan Lees, of Tientsin, reports: "It is very significant that there is a growing disposition to link success here with prayer at home. It is known that at least one large gathering of poor women in England are praying constantly for their yet poorer sisters in Tientsin. Dr. Roberts connects the conversions in the hospital with special

meetings for prayer on its behalf held among Welsh colliers. And there seems reason to trace the revival in our Ku-lou-h-si chapel to the daily prayers of a friend who, having been here, knows the peculiar difficulties of the place, but who is now far away. There is a solidarity in the work of the Church which we too faintly recognize. 'One in him.'"

THANKSGIVING.

I am sitting alone in my room to-night,
And I wonder if life's worth the living,
As my thoughts go back to my dear old home,
And the days when I first "kept Thanksgiving?"
'Twas far away beneath Northern skies,
And friends and lovers were plenty,
In those care free years of a woman's life,
The years before she is twenty.

We gathered around the festive board,
With uncles, aunts and cousins,
And when evening came and the stars were bright,
Our friends flocked in by the dozens;
Merrily laugh and song went round,
Bright were the visions we cherished;
How many the changes! I'm lonely to-night,
The bright hues in life's warp have perished.

Where were the friends who were dear to me then,
When we "kept Thanksgiving" together?
Scattered afar—and their heads silvered o'er
With the frosts of life's winters and weather.
Go the world round, in each country and clime,
Some of that group are now living!
I wonder if any of me think to night,
And the days when we all "kept Thanksgiving."

Ah! never more shall those friends meet again,
Either to talk or "sing praises;"
Some who were nearest and dearest have gone,
They lie "under the stars and the daisies."
No, I'm mistaken, 'tis they are the blest,
They're in the "land of the living,"
I'm in the "land of the dying" to-night;
Yet shall I not "keep Thanksgiving?"

Yes, I am thankful for all that remains,
Thankful for blessings, for losses,
Thankful the Lord, watching over us all,
Can change into crowns all our crosses;
Thankful the stars of Hope shine in life's night—
Yes, life is truly worth living,
If at its close we can join the "new song,"
In the glad, the heavenly Thanksgiving.

—E. E. C., in the Christian Enquirer.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING—MINNESOTA.

The Semi-annual Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Minnesota was held with the church at Dodge Center, commencing Oct. 13, 1893.

The introductory sermon was preached by W. H. Ernst, from Gen. 4: 9, 10. The meeting was then organized with E. S. Ellis, Moderator, and Giles Ellis, Clerk.

The services throughout were interesting and profitable.

The following was adopted as report of committee on time and place of next meeting, also preacher of introductory sermon, essayists and delegate to Iowa Yearly Meeting:

Time, Sixth-day before the second Sabbath in October, 1894.

Place, Trenton.

Preacher of Introductory Sermon, H. D. Clarke; Alternate, W. H. Ernst. Essayists, Mrs. W. W. Bigelow, New Auburn; Nathan Ernst, Alden.

Delegate to Iowa Yearly Meeting, Giles Ellis; H. D. Clarke Alternate.

The following resolutions were discussed item by item, and adopted.

Resolved, That the licensed liquor traffic being the enemy of the church, the obstructor of the progress of the truth as it is in Christ, a disgrace to civilization, a crime against God and humanity, the cause of untold misery; should be prohibited by statutory law, outlawed by public sentiment, and that the church should use its voice, vote and all peaceful and righteous means to put it down and give its support to only such candidates for political offices as sacredly promise to institute measures and enforce them for the abolition of this destructive and oppressive traffic.

Resolved, That it is the sentiment of this meeting that all, Christians especially, should abstain from the common use of tobacco and other harmful narcotics, as such example renders it difficult and discouraging to prevent its use by the youth. Also on the ground that

it depletes the body,—the temple of the Holy Spirit, is a useless waste of money, and often renders a man offensive to his friends. Also that for the worldly gains to be derived, men should not sell them and thus encourage the evils and waste and give no equivalent for the money received.

Resolved, That loyalty to God, and the best interests of the churches of God and of society, call for a more strict, cheerful, willing, scriptural observance of God's holy Sabbath, the seventh day of the week, and the active, benevolent work of proclaiming to all men this truth in connection with all other gospel truths.

Resolved, That the maintenance of all the Christian enterprises of the age demands a more cheerful and systematic giving of our means, and when the interests of truth demand it, a self-sacrifice.

Resolved, That in connection with this we recommend the tithing system.

Resolved, That it is the sentiment of this meeting that the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Minnesota send, as far as practicable, their pastors into the Minnesota field to lecture or preach upon the Sabbath question, continuing their salaries in the meantime, and meeting traveling expenses if possible, also that they visit weak churches, giving them aid and encouragement at such times as the pastors and churches can agree upon. And be it also,

Resolved, That we urge such as can sing God's praise to accompany these workers, aiding them in this practical way, increasing the interest, and calling out more to hear the truths of the Bible.

LETTERS TO THE SMITHS.

NO. 1.—TO PETER SMITH.

To my Nephew:—During the years you have been growing up into big-boyhood—you were seventeen last week, if I mistake not—I have been watching you with a great deal of interest. I was a boy once myself, and it was my lot to pass through many temptations. Some of them I did not altogether shun, and I am very sorry to-day that I did not, for I have suffered more or less because of my yielding to them. And it is because I know something of the temptations that beset a boy's path that I feel much anxiety for you, my dear Peter.

Your good Christian parents saw to it that you and your sisters began early to attend Sabbath-school. Tom seemed to like going there every week as well as your sisters, and I remember that you soon became anxious to learn your verses and to understand all about your lessons. And I recollect, too, that the day you were ten years old—you came and took dinner with your aunt and me that day—you told me, in answer to a question or two upon the subject, that you thought you'd like to join the church. But, as your pastor thought you were too young to act intelligently in such matters, your request was deferred until you should grow older and become wiser!

I regretted your pastor's judgment, for I recollect having been "almost persuaded" in my younger days, and then, because of not publicly professing Christ when I felt the duty upon me to do so, I found it not easy to be so minded when I became a young man and was surrounded with temptations of which I knew nothing in the old home. I feared, my dear boy, that you, too, as you grew into young manhood, would find your heart shut up to the influences for good that easily find lodgment in the soul of the child.

Peter, my boy, I am striving to follow in the footsteps of him who went about doing good, but I know that my life would tell more for Christ if I had given my heart and service to him in my childhood, rather than waiting—as I did—till I was a man, grown into habits of thought and life not at all consistent with a Christian profession.

I say, my dear Peter, that I know this, and I

know it the better as I grow older; and for this reason I have hoped that you would publicly announce yourself upon the side of Christ. I do not want you to put the matter off until you leave home and all its blessed influences and go out to make your own way in the world—perhaps where there will be much to draw you away from the innocence of your boyhood. I am satisfied that if you once fully commit yourself upon this great question, and become a member of the church of God, you will feel, when beating about among the stormy temptations upon the sea of life, the protection of an anchor that will never let you suffer wreck, if you will only *trust* in that anchor.

I am pleased to know, Peter, that you are still faithful in your attendance at Sabbath-school; and I am glad that I hear good reports of your general conduct. You are spoken of as a manly boy. I understand that you are a good student at school. I am told that you are quite regular in your attendance at the Young People's Meetings. All these things go to show that you have a love for Christian associations. But, for all that, you go sometimes where you would not like to be seen if you were a member of the church,—where you would not go if you were a professor of religion. My opinion is, Peter,—and I feel somewhat able to judge, that, unless you take the step I am urging you to take, you will find from this time forward that the temptations to go into by and forbidden paths will increase, and that they will get a stronger and stronger hold upon you. The age of seventeen is a critical one in the life of a boy. It is about that time that many of the best-intentioned boys begin to feel working upon them influences that lead them away from home nights, from the church service, from the Sabbath-school, and in the direction of various habits which you do not now believe in. How fit a time it is for you to yield fully and finally to those gentle influences that radiate from the home and the church, and to take the step that will give you the right to be known as a Christian gentleman—the worthiest title man ever bore.

Your sisters, except the little ones, are already church workers, and they are praying for you; your father and mother have prayed for you daily ever since you came to gladden their loving hearts; many of your young friends—your best friends outside the home—are praying for you. The church needs just such young men as you. You can be of much use in many ways to your own church and pastor. Many hearts will rejoice when you decide to live for Christ and the Church; your own heart will leap for joy.

Think seriously of these things, my dear boy, and that God may help you to act in accordance with your best judgment is the prayer of your
UNCLE OLIVER.

LETTER FROM DELAWARE.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

The weeks, extending into months of anxious waiting, previous to Dr. Ella F. Swinney's arrival, finally brought us to a bright June morning, when the electric wire flashed across the continent, only the two words, "Homeward bound,"—then we knew of her safe arrival on our shores,—all of us, and especially her aged mother, will see her once again, and she will spend a few months of quiet rest with us in the home land. But too soon the summer is passed and the autumn is here, just five months ago tonight she reached home—Smyrna, Del.,—to-day we part, and may the Lord bless her in his lov-

ing service, the foreign missionary work. To-day, in company with her mother, she goes to Shiloh, N. J., where she will visit her brother, Dr. J. G. Swinney, a few days, and on the evening of Dec. 4th, leaving New York City, she will travel leisurely westward, reaching Alfred Centre, *via*. Erie Railroad, the morning of Dec. 5th, remaining over one night, leaving next day, Dec. 6th, for Chicago, where she will rest over the Sabbath, then on to the Pacific Coast, reaching San Francisco about Dec. 16th, sailing Dec. 19th, on the steamer "Oceanic," *via*. Hawaii Islands, spending a day at Honolulu, due at Shanghai, China, Jan. 6, 1894.

Beloved reader, pardon me, if I refer to the spiritual sunshine and earnest soul life she has exemplified in her brothers' families, and the restfulness and great comfort it has been to her aged mother, to sit and listen to her daughter, relating the providences in her work in that far off land.

Ten years ago there were some maternal doubts if it was her duty to give up her only daughter as a foreign missionary, but now she can see the hand of the Master leading the way, and hear his voice and know all is well, and with the mother's heart full to overflowing, with her right hand resting on Dr. Ella's head, can say, "Return again, my child, to your labor in the Shanghai Medical Mission and the A. E. Main Hospital work, and may the Lord bless your labors to his own honor and glory."

But this is not all, I think in her visiting the different churches, and especially Conference, at Milton, she has come more in touch with the hearts of our people, and they in sympathy with her missionary work, and would that she may have in some feeble way stirred the arterial blood of our Seventh-day denomination, kindling the spiritual fire of the mission work, until all of our church members may become good, Christian missionary workers, if not in the foreign field, then in our own beloved home land, and with the poet say:

"Though chilling winds shall o'er us roll,
Close to my heart this faith I hold,
What e'er may die and be forgot,
Work done for God, it dieth not."

C. O. SWINNEY.

SMYRNA, Del., Nov. 21, 1893.

CONFERENCE MINUTES.

The Minutes of the last General Conference have been sent out to individuals and churches, or groups of churches. Packages for the churches in Rhode Island and Connecticut have been sent by freight to Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I.; Plainfield and New Market, N. J., churches, to J. D. Spicer; Shiloh and Marlboro, to I. L. Cottrell; Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Pleasant Grove, Dakota, to L. T. Rogers, Milton Junction, to be forwarded; Brookfield, West Edmeston and Leonardsville, to J. A. Platts; Scott, Cuyler, Lincklaen, Otselic, and DeRuyter, to L. R. Swinney; churches of West Virginia, to P. F. Randolph.

We trust the brethren to whom these larger shipments are consigned will see that they are distributed as promptly as consistent. Smaller packages and single copies are sent direct. In all cases where money is paid for expressage or freight, bills may be sent to the Business Manager, Alfred Centre. Persons not receiving copies of the Minutes as above indicated can be supplied on application to this office.

It is just as needful that Christians should rejoice in the Lord as that they should go to church.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

SACRED to my days of childhood
 Are the moments when I knelt
 By my mother's knee, and prayed for
 Blessings, need of which I felt.
 And her voice so mild and gentle
 Taught my lips to lip in prayer,
 "Help us, Lord, to do our duty,
 Do it always, everywhere."
 And now, though years have passed away,
 Yet in my mind those moments stay.

My first is in star but not in the moon,
 The second in anthem but not found in tune,
 My third is in beetle and also in bird,
 The fourth is another just like my third,
 My fifth is in grace but not found in blessing,
 The sixth is in fault but not in confessing,
 My last is in hunger and also in thirst,
 My whole is the last, yet it comes before first.

—Sel.

LETTER FROM N. I. DEW.

Dear Sir:—On receiving your communication of recent date I made a hasty resolution that I would never again offer anything for publication on your page of the RECORDER; but on a second, sober thought I came to realize the justness of your criticisms in regard to my article which, so you inform me, you sent to the office with serious misgivings as to the propriety of publishing it, and which, in-as-much as it has not appeared in print, you judge has failed to pass the superior wisdom of the editor-in-chief.

I would not thus speak of this matter in a letter intended for publication were it not for the fact that is the basis and, as it were, the text of what I wish to say. It is a very good plan, and a safe one, to take counsel with one or two friends in regard to any matter of serious import, the transaction of which you have in contemplation. I may go farther and say that it is better and wiser even in matters of trivial importance to seek the advice of some associate. For example, had I read that former article to my husband, or wife, or sister, or friend, as the case may be, in all probability it would never have been sent to you, at least not in the condition in which you received it. Either it would have been consigned at once to the flames, or else it would have been entirely remodeled. Use your friends, burden them with your perplexities, not in the way of complaints, but of seeking help and suggestions. Burden them with things which may not appear to be perplexities at first, but which often become such when illumined by the judgment of friends looking from other quarters. Then always be ready to share the questions of others. Welcome confidence, not simply for the sake of satisfying your own curiosity, but for the benefit you may render. Be careful though where you place your confidence, and guard another's as a sacred trust.

I am firmly convinced that many serious mistakes in life would be averted if people were more in the habit of taking counsel one with another.

MORE ABOUT TOBACCO.

I have told of two incidents connected with my visit to the Fair, both of which were about cigars. I have no specific case to relate this time, but I wish to join my voice in the outcry against another and hardly less disagreeable habit of men, especially on the street and in public buildings and conveyances. Considered from one stand-point it is even worse than the careless habit of blowing tobacco smoke into peoples faces. It is quite as unbecoming and

even more filthy. In reference to it I quote from an editorial in a recent daily paper, *Chicago Record*:

The remarks of the women who are going to join with the Municipal Order League in attacking certain abuses are respectfully referred to those indiscriminating persons who chew tobacco in public places. This unlovely habit, together with its constituent—free expectation—has excited the comment of nearly every foreigner who has written about American customs. None of us may ever know what impulse leads so many American men to publish to an affronted world the fact that their salivary glands are inexhaustible. But the proof of that fact they keep hideously in evidence.

Apparently the only way to appeal to the victim of this vice lies through his sense of shame. The women will have to arouse the miscellaneous and indiscriminate spitter to a knowledge of his indecency. He is *persona non grata* in the theater, the public hall, the streets and street cars. If he wishes to chew let him retire to the privacy of his room, take his little slab of tobacco and gnaw it with unction behind drawn curtains.

Meantime, the sympathies of his quondam victims will be with the women who are trying to abate him.

I believe the surest way to stop the habit of using tobacco in any form, is to make it *unpopular*. The financial side of the question has no effect upon nine out of ten of our boys and men; the evil effects upon the body and mind are disregarded until too late, and the moral effect is not realized by the smoker. But if we could only *shame* the men and boys, and drive them off to their dens with their tobacco, then one long step in advance would be gained.

WINDE.

CHARITY.

"There is no service like his that serves because he loves."—*Sir Philip Sidney*.

Is it not a little strange that we have a word which means both "love" and "gifts?" one word for that disposition of heart which inclines men to think favorably of their fellow-men, to do them good, and for the thing given—alms? Did the maker of the language think that "love" and "gifts" were synonymous, and so give us the word "charity?" Perhaps so, for in our every day life how is our love to one another more often expressed than by our gifts? The more of our time and thought,—the more of ourselves, in fact—which we can weave into the gift, the better does it express our love. As we approach the great gift season of the whole year, the time when the best of all gifts was sent to us, let us consider in what spirit we are making preparation for it.

Are we planning to give a handsome present to some one who did the same for us last year? that is only paying a debt. Do we think of sending something to a person from whom we hope to get much in return? that is more a bribe than a true gift. Shall we send a present with a loving greeting to one from whom we expect nothing in return? then we have the promise: "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again."

If the true expression of love is in giving, how are we as Christians expressing our love for our Master? Is it by giving away only the things for which we have no further use? That is poor benevolence indeed! Some one has said: "The essence of love is sacrifice; if love is the distinguishing mark of the Christian, it is a fair question to ask by what sacrifice he is proving that love? If the sacrifice is irregular and spasmodic, what evidence is there that the love is not alike variable?"

Let us cultivate this spirit of sacrifice, remembering that God looks upon the heart, and can read there the motives for our benevolence.

M. A. S.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

My dear Young People:—I write to you this week from Little Genesee. Some of you may get tired of hearing about revival work, but after what I saw last night I cannot write or even think anything else. This week I have been helping at both the Richburg and Little Genesee Churches. Monday night at Richburg, Tuesday night here, and so alternately through the week. Here at Genesee there is a growing interest and fair attendance; some have asked for prayers, both the backslidden and the unconverted. The newly chosen pastor, Eld. S. S. Powel, is fast getting the hearts of this people, and justly so, too.

Last night at Richburg the Holy Spirit came in great power, a full house and we only know of four or five in the house who were unconverted that did not come forward for prayers. We cleared the front seat and it was filled, then cleared another and it was filled, until five seats had been vacated and filled with seekers, some forty in all; one whole family came. Nearly the whole congregation knelt with those who came forward for prayer. The pastors of the two churches led in prayer, others followed and all joined. It is the one topic of conversation on the streets and in the stores as well as in the homes in the village. It is thought that God has not manifested himself for years in such power in Richburg.

I learn that Elder Kelly is, with his people, still holding meetings, part of the time at least, at Nile.

I want to request all of you who can to make this great work here in New York a subject of daily prayer, that every knee in all this country about shall bow at the foot of the cross of Christ.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

—THE special effort made in the Bethel Y. P. S. C. E. for the Associate membership and others out of Christ lasted nearly three weeks. It resulted in four professing a hope in Christ. Another encouraging result was a marked development in the growth and activity of the members of the society in public service. Before the organization of the society no one could be induced to offer public prayer. Several now engage willingly and heartily in this service. Arrangements have been made for a public entertainment to be held sometime in December.

—REV. L. C. RANDOLPH is assisting Rev. T. J. VanHorn in holding meetings in Southern Illinois, beginning Nov. 21st. Two very encouraging meetings had been held previous to his arrival, and the interest seems excellent.

—LAST week we heard with pleasure from the New York Y. P. S. C. E. Convention, and perhaps a few fragments from the 7th Annual Convention of Wisconsin, held in Milwaukee Nov. 17-19, may be of interest also.

Wisconsin is the first State to offer a Junior programme, given by Junior's themselves, and it proved wholly successful. Twelve two minute papers were presented on topics pertaining particularly to Junior methods and work. The Society at Milton was represented by Howard Saunders on the subject, "Bible Work."

"Christian Endeavor means not doing the thing we like to do, but liking to do the thing we ought to do."

Father Endeavor Clarke was present and spoke several times during the Convention, adding much to the interest. His address Sunday evening on the problem of the unemployed was

full of suggestions for young Christians to engage in practical work for the Master. Naturally he made the pledge the foundation stone on which all else would build securely. He said the idea of Christian Endeavor was, "To every man his work." He spoke especially of progress along the lines of good citizenship, enlarged benevolence, and Christian fellowship.

The Societies at Milton Junction, Walworth and Milton, sent an aggregate delegation of fourteen to the Convention. Our other two societies were unrepresented this year.

—SEVERAL of the young people of the Westerly Church and Christian Eadeavor Society are interested in the new Music Society which has been organized in the town. A large proportion have joined as active members, and others are counted among the associate membership. Rev. W. C. Daland is manager of the Society, and his brother, Mr. George G. Daland, of Elizabeth, N. J., is the instructor in music. Regular meetings are held each Tuesday evening, and the work of the Society includes instrumental as well as vocal music. It is hoped that the instructor may serve to improve the music at all church services. Our Christian Endeavor Society responded readily to the suggestion in the RECORDER of taking a collection, Nov. 18th, for the church at Boulder, Col. The result was about three dollars and a half, which is more than the requested five cents per member. The primary department of the Sabbath-school has just introduced the Blakeslee system of lessons in the place of the International. Although it is rather too early to speak concerning the success of the change, the indications thus far are that the interest on the part of the pupil is increasing. A very pleasing entertainment was given to the people of Westerly, Nov. 21st, by the Ladies' Society of our church, consisting of a lecture on the World's Fair, by Prof. Curtis, illustrated by over one hundred and fifty stereopticon views of the grounds and buildings. The pictures were very excellent ones, and proved a source of real enjoyment to those who visited the Fair as well as to those who did not. Some of the young people assisted in the advance sale of tickets, and the ladies added about \$160 to their treasury as the result of the entertainment. *

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolutions of respect passed by the Milton Junction Y. P. S. C. E., in memory of Mr. S. G. Burdick:

WHEREAS, Our heavenly Father has deemed it wise to call home our co-laborer, Bro. Silas G. Burdick, therefore,

Resolved, That while this providence seems mysterious to us, we bow in submission to the divine will.

Resolved, That while we mourn his loss, we lift our hearts to God in thankfulness for the noble life he lived, and for the example he gave us of whole-souled devotion to the cause of God, and that we will try to follow him as he followed Christ.

Resolved, That we extend our deepest sympathies to the bereaved family with these resolutions, and that we present a copy of the resolutions to the Milton Junction News and the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

MATTIE H. WARDNER,
NETTIE A. CRANDALL, } Com.
E. D. COON,

SOME people never find out the real worth of their religion until they lose all their money.

THE man who walks over a precipice with his eyes shut is as sure to be killed as the one who throws himself from it.

AS SOON as a man gets right with God he can't bear the thought of being wrong with anybody else.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHO MADE HIM A DRUNKARD?

"Your father's a drunkard,"
Said pretty May Bell;
The scorn of her accent
No language can tell.
She wound a gold neck chain
Round her fingers so fair,
And shook back the long curls
Of her beautiful hair.

And Bess, the drunkard's child,
Bowed her white face,
Feeling deeply, so deeply,
The shame and disgrace.
As she wiped the bright tears
That were falling like rain
The haughty girl laughed
Who had given her pain.

A boy, brave and bright
As a boy could be,
Was untangling his kite
In a tall maple tree.
He could hear every word,
He could see every look;
Poor Bess with her slate
And her old tattered book

An indignant flush
Dyed his cheeks like a rose.
And he viewed proud May Bell
In her beautiful clothes.
Down from the wide branch
Quick as thought something fell;
"Who made him a drunkard?
Will you answer May Bell?"

"Or shall I tell the story?
I know it all through;
John Bell made a drunkard
Of poor William Drew;
He sells him the rum
That's destroying his life
And fast making beggars
Of children and wife!"

As he led Bessie on,
Having thus fixed the blame,
May looked after the two
Through her tears of shame.

"Oh! can it be true, then,
The story he told?
Does my father make drunkards
Of men for their gold?"

—Toledo Blade.

ELLEN'S OFFERING.

BY EMMA STEWART.

Ellen Allen was a Christian girl, and it was with a sincere and earnest purpose that she asked of God—

"Help me this and every day
To live more nearly as I pray."

Yet she was young and often thoughtless; full of life and fun, and in danger of losing sight of the high standard of action she had set for herself with the opening year.

Miss Havergal's words are indeed an inspiration, by which the simple round of daily life may be made rich and beautiful with heavenly light, and Ellen wanted to realize this wish as expressed in one of her poems—

"A bright new year and a sunny track
Along an upward way.
And a song of praise on looking back
When the year has passed away,
And golden sheaves nor small nor few,
This is my new year's wish for you."

Ellen was sitting on the floor in her mother's room, arranging a box which held her fancy work. She was one of those who like to do what others are doing; consequently there were rolls of crocheted antique lace and lovely embroidered squares of a silk quilt, as well as a completed sofa cushion, richly worked. Embroidery was Ellen's forte; her wild roses looked as if they had been thrown carelessly on the olive satin, and the shading was excellent, while her cockscombs and golden-rod were tufted in soft perfection; and then her work never looked drawn, nor were the stitches uneven. Just now, however, she was looking at a crocheted tidy worked in cross stitch.

"What shall I do with the old thing? I am tired to death of it, and never did like to do cross stitch."

"Why, I thought you were going to give it to Agnes Keller," said her mother.

"Yes, but it isn't pretty enough, so I will finish it up in a hurry this afternoon and put it in the missionary basket; it will do plenty well

enough for that. By the way, I promised last month to look up something about the climate and productions of India, and here it is nearly time for the meeting of the Band!"

Mrs. Allen was too much engaged in trying to get the inside part of a sleeve out of a very small piece of gingham to pay much attention to her daughter, so merely said "hem," musingly, after the fashion of busy people. Ellen was about to hunt up her information concerning India when the mail came in, and with it a roll of music which occupied her until it was within ten minutes of the time to go to the meeting of the Band.

"Mother, mother! do you know anything about the climate and productions of India?"

"If I do, I cannot tell you now, I am very busy; look in your Geography."

"Can't find my Geography," cried Ellen from the depths of the book closet where she was searching frantically. "Well, I shall have to tell them all I know, and that will be very little."

But she was disturbed by her own neglect, and at bedtime she remembered, with another twinge of conscience, that she had not looked at her Sabbath-school lesson, and it was Friday night. So wrapping herself in a shawl she sat down to look it over, for anything so cursory could not be called study; but one verse of the lesson was impressed upon her heart:

"Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing."—2 Sam. 24:24.

The next day Mr. Landon, the minister, dined with Ellen's parents, and she heard him tell of how the ladies of a Southern town where he used to live, had done plain sewing, in order to earn money for charitable purposes. The idea attracted Ellen at once, and she eagerly suggested it to her mother at the first opportunity asking:

"Why should not I do something of the kind. Let me make those gingham aprons and unbleached muslin things you intended Mrs. Howen to do."

"Why, Ellen," said her mother, "I am rather in a hurry for these things, and your time is so occupied with study and music that you would not finish them very soon; however, that is not really the point, Mrs. Howen positively needs the money for this machine work, and it is a real charity to give her sewing to do."

"But, mother, I would like to do something."

"Yes, dear, but it seems to me you already have a good deal on hand. There is your Sabbath-school class; have you visited all your children lately?"

"I am afraid if I do, they will all come out, and what I have nearly set me wild," said Ellen, laughing.

"No matter what happens, do not neglect them on any account; and there is the Mission Band, for which you should carefully prepare and attend regularly, and your Sabbath-school lesson, do you study it as you should? But if, besides all this, you want to earn by your own effort some money to use in your Christian work, I have a plan to propose; but it will require some self-sacrifice on your part. Cousin Mary Wilmot wants to have a white cashmere cloak embroidered for her little namesake, and I think you might offer to do it. What do you think of undertaking it?"

"The very thing!" cried Ellen; "but, mother, I would rather that only you and Cousin Mary should know for what purpose I want the money."

"Very well, dear; and think well before you undertake it, for you will be obliged to spend your evenings at home for a while, and exercise self-denial in other ways. Above all, do not depend upon your own strength to carry out this new purpose."

Ellen made no reply, but the conversation led her to think more seriously of her plan, and to give it more prayerful consideration, as her mother had suggested.

Mrs. Allen hoped that this work, though perhaps begun in mere enthusiasm or impulse, might have a lasting effect upon Ellen's character. She was evidently beginning to realize that it is not right to offer to the Lord that which costs us nothing. The service of Christ requires "our warmest affections, our sunniest

hours." She was also learning that the little ordinary every-day duties, when performed with an eye single to God's service, are as acceptable as was the alabaster box of precious ointment offered by the woman who loved much; and is not the whole house filled with the perfume thereof?

"The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

The dainty needle-work begun and persevered in in this spirit proved, after all, a real pleasure to Ellen. With what care she placed every stitch, and how many loving thoughts and earnest resolutions were interwoven with the graceful pattern, and when complete how joyfully thankful she felt that she had taken one step along the upward way!—*New-York Observer.*

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1893.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Sept. 30.	The Power of the Gospel.....	Rom. 1: 8-17.
Oct. 7.	Redemption in Christ.....	Rom. 3: 19-26.
Oct. 14.	Justification by Faith.....	Rom. 5: 1-11.
Oct. 21.	Christian Living.....	Rom. 12: 1-15.
Oct. 28.	Abstinence for the Sake of others.....	1 Cor. 8: 1-13.
Nov. 4.	The Resurrection.....	1 Cor. 15: 12-26.
Nov. 11.	The Grace of Liberality.....	2 Cor. 8: 1-12.
Nov. 18.	The Imitation of Christ.....	Eph. 4: 20-32.
Nov. 25.	The Christian Home.....	Col. 3: 12-25.
Dec. 2.	Grateful Obedience.....	Jas. 1: 16-27.
Dec. 9.	The Heavenly Inheritance.....	1 Pet. 1: 1-12.
Dec. 16.	The Glorified Saviour.....	Rev. 1: 9-20.
Dec. 24.	The Birth of Christ.....	Matt. 2: 1-11.
Dec. 30.	Review.....	

LESSON XI.—THE HEAVENLY INHERITANCE.

For Sabbath-day, Dec. 9, 1893.

SCRIPTURE LESSON—1 Pet. 1: 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

INTRODUCTION.—Sylvanus—the Latin form of Silas, Paul's companion in his second missionary journey,—had, during Paul's last imprisonment or after his death, brought to Peter at Babylon (1 Pet. 5: 12, 13) an account of the persecutions (1 Pet. 3: 14-16; 4: 16-19) under Nero, of Christians in those regions. Peter, as a chief apostle, writes in Paul's absence to strengthen, comfort and counsel those thus suffering. Some suppose that Peter had preached through the countries named, but he addresses them as strangers.

NOTES.

I. THE HEIRS. 1-3. "Apostle of Jesus." Chosen by Jesus. Luke 6: 13. "Strangers." Sojourners. R. V. Abiding for a time. "Scattered." Of the dispersion (R. V.) the common designation for the Jews scattered over the world by the Babylonian captivity. Many passages show that Peter included the Gentile Christians among those addressed. "Throughout Pontus." A province in the north-eastern part of Asia Minor. "Cappadocia." A province south-west of Pontus. "Galacia." West of Cappadocia. "Asia," extending west of Galacia to the sea, the seat of the seven churches. "Bithynia." North-east of Asia. These five provinces stand for Asia Minor generally. The order of the names is on the whole that which would present itself to the mind of a man writing, as Peter does, from the East, and in the order Sylvanus would be likely to go in carrying Peter's message to the different provinces as he came from Babylon. 2. "Elect." Chosen, separated, excellent, beloved, applied in all these senses to those addressed. "Sprinkling." A figure drawn from the sprinkling of the daily sacrifice with blood (see Heb. 9: 13, 14; 12: 24), symbolizing the cleansing from sin and ratifying the covenant. Ex. 24: 8.

II. THE INHERITANCE. 3, 4, 3. "Begotten us again." The apostles had, while with Jesus, hoped for a place in his kingdom; upon his burial they seemed to have lost that hope, but after his "resurrection" the hope was revived. The expression has also a more general meaning; that being dead in sin God hath "begotten us again" by the new birth, made us his children in spiritual life and holy character. 4. "Reserved in heaven for you." Kept in waiting from the time Christ went

to prepare it (John 14: 3) until he take you there to possess it.

III. TRIALS IN SECURING THE INHERITANCE. 5-9. "Kept." Guarded (R. V.) from the foe, like a fortress. The inheritance is reserved in heaven, the heirs are guarded from the foe here. It is reserved, they are preserved. "Last time." Time of the restitution of all things. Acts 3: 21. "Heaviness." Put to grief. R. V. 6. "Temptations." Solicitations to do wrong and trials to prove and make us better. Satan solicits, tempts; God tries us. 8. "Having not seen." The scattered Jews had never seen Jesus. 9. "End of your faith." The object.

IV. THE PROPHET'S SEARCH. 9-12. 10. "The prophets have inquired and searched." The prophets from Moses to Malachi have foretold of Christ, 11, "his sufferings," and the glory that should follow, the resurrection, ascension, spread of the gospel, the moral changes, and final glorification of the faithful. "Spirit of Christ which was in them." Old Testament worthies are not usually spoken of as Christians, yet the spirit of Christ was in them, they were Christians.

COMMENTS.

I. THE HEIRS. "Strangers scattered." Strangers to each other yet begotten of the same father into one brotherhood, heirs to the same inheritance, subject to the same trials, sojourners and pilgrims (chap. 2: 11) to a better country. "Blest be the tie that binds" into one brotherhood the elect of all lands. Whether in China, Holland, Rhode Island, the South or West we, as Sabbath-keepers, subject to the same trials by a common faith and practice, are made nigh unto each other by the blood of Christ.

"Foreknowledge." No election could be made wise and just without a foreknowledge, and there is no election without a candidate. True predestination of God is (1) he that believeth, (2) he that endureth to the end. The gift is free but it must be accepted upon stated terms—obedience and the sprinkling of the blood of Christ. Promise and duty go hand in hand.

Observe the part ascribed to each of the three persons in the God-head, (1) God the Father elects or chooses us, (2) God in Christ, upon our obedience, atones for our sins, (3) God the Spirit sanctifies us, sets us apart as consecrated to God.

II. THE INHERITANCE. 3, 4. "Begotten us." Only children of God can be heirs of God, and they prove themselves to be children by living as children should.

"A lively hope." A new and active hope, growing, perennial, fruit-bearing. This is designated a living hope, there is also a dead one; as there is a hope that maketh not ashamed, there must be one that will make the possessor ashamed when its falsehood is revealed. The one increases, becomes strong, bears fruit; the other fades, grows useless, dies.

"An inheritance incorruptible." This inheritance is, (1) A kingdom. Matt. 25: 34. (2) A home prepared. John 14: 3. (3) Eternal life. Matt. 19: 28. (4) His holy nature. Psa. 17: 15, 1 John 3: 2. (5) Loving care. Rev. 7: 17. (6) All things. Rev. 21: 7. Not a blessing that the pure heart can desire shall be wanting there. We think and talk of going to visit dear friends far away, of going to see the wonders of the "White City;" we become anxious and never tire of thinking and talking, and more anxious as the time approaches; everything is made ready. Could we but think in that way of heaven, by his grace we should never be disappointed. It would help us, as Peter desired it should, to endure all the trials and persecutions that Nero can inflict.

III. TRIALS IN SECURING THE INHERITANCE. "By faith." He is able to keep you but you are to do your part. None may flatter himself that he is guarded by the power of God if he have not the faith, and faith without works is dead. We are to put on the whole armor of faith, and having done all to stand. Read Eph. 6: 10-18. Satan is still at work with every art in a thousand ways to deceive, mislead and destroy.

"Rejoice for a season." We must expect our feelings to vary but our faith need not. Blossoms do not always last. If they did there would be no fruit. Others rejoice in prosperity and success, only the Christian can rejoice in trial and sorrow.

IV. THE PROPHET'S SEARCH. 9-13. "Searching what the spirit of Christ . . . did signify." We may paint his appearance in suffering, but not the cause; the cursed tree, but not the law that made it so; Christ bearing the cross, but not our sins; we may describe the soldier's spear, but not the arrows of the Almighty; the cup of vinegar, but not the wrath which he drank; the derision of the Jews, but not the desertion of God.—*From McLearn.*

"Angels desired to look into." The angels are struck with astonishment at the plan of salvation, the conde-

scension of the Son of God. They desire to know its meaning and watch its result though they had nothing at stake. How can sinful man be unconcerned?

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC.

(For week beginning Dec. 3d.)

KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD. 1 Peter 1: 1-5, John 17: 11-15.

Keep them in that name of thine which thou givest me. What a wonderful prayer that was of our Saviour's! and it will be answered for all who trust in that covenant name, Jehovah our righteousness, the name given to Christ, and Alford says, "It is the being kept in this, the truth and confession of this, for which he prays." Jesus had kept his disciples in his Father's name during his personal ministry which then was about to end. He guarded them while in a hostile world, his friendly influence for them contracted the hostile and evil influence. Jesus does that to-day while he is in heaven. He intercedes for us there, and we must bear in mind that it is due as much to his divine power that we remain Christian Endeavorers as that we become such. None perish by fault of Jesus, but by their own. God has given us his word, a faultless revelation of himself, and our faith results in experimental knowledge. This in turn results in firmer and further faith. By this we are made stronger and enabled to withstand the "fiery darts of the devil." By this and God's exercise of power in ways unknown to us, we are kept. It is his power, not our wills merely.

HELPFUL REFERENCES:—Keeps back from sin. Psa. 19: 9-14. The Lord our keeper. Psa. 121. He is able to keep us. Jude 20-25. He will keep that which is committed unto him. 2 Tim. 1: 12-14. Kept from evil. 2 Thess. 3: 1-5. Keeps your hearts and minds. Phil. 4: 7.

—We ought to be where we belong. We belong somewhere or else God would not have made our birth possible. That we had no choice of coming into the world, could not help ourselves, in no way destroys our ability now to choose and decide and be where we belong. Belonging somewhere, it is reasonable to suppose that God has made it possible for us to find out where. Finding it, we should be, every moment of life, where Christ would seek for us, or in other words, where he wants to find us.

—It may be at some work, some recreation; wherever it be, there it is duty to stay until another place is pointed out or found by divine help. As a man cannot be at two places at the same time, it is certain that the Master wants us contented when in the right place. If it be the right place on the Sabbath, at a certain hour, to be in the Sabbath-school, then it is morally wrong for him to be anywhere else in the universe at that hour. He who belongs in the Sabbath-school does himself great wrong, gives a wrong impression, wrongs Christ and religion when he is elsewhere. No man can wrong Christ, religion, himself, and be safe for time or eternity. Are you where you belong every day and hour?

HOME NEWS.

New Jersey.

PLAINFIELD.—Interesting revival services are being conducted by the pastors of several of our city churches, and by the Rev. Mr. Crane, a New England evangelist, at the rooms of the Y. M. C. A.

Our last sociable, held under the auspices of the Women's Society for Christian Work, at the residence of Bro. Charles Potter, on the 15th inst., was one of unusual interest. Quite an elaborate supper was served on the European plan, and a large number of the congregation were present to partake of it. Music, both vocal and instrumental, formed a pleasant feature of the entertainment, and the presence of Dr. Swinney, who was making her last visit

CORRESPONDENCE.

30 RIVINGTON ST., New York City, Nov. 16, 1893.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

Knowing that there are among our Seventh-day Baptist people many friends of mine who would like to hear from me, and there are also those who, I hope, will be interested to hear something about Jewish Missions, therefore, I ask you to grant me a little space in the RECORDER that I may speak to such friends through its columns.

Three weeks ago last Thursday I came to this city. I am thankful that I found here something to do in the line I was looking for, I mean Jewish Missions. I am assisting in a Baptist Mission to the Jews on Hebrew Christian principles. There is preaching to the Jews on Sabbath-day twice, forenoon and afternoon. Forenoon is the gospel preached in the Baptist church, 327 Madison St., to an audience of from 50 to 100 Jews. In the afternoon about 3 o'clock, the gospel is preached in Mariner's Temple, 1 Henry St., to an audience of from 300 to 400 Jews. On Sunday afternoon we are holding an inquiry class. Five evenings through the week we have a night school for boys and girls to teach them English, and also the Old and New Testament. This is the work I enjoy most. In teaching them the Old and New Testament I have ample opportunity to soften the prejudice and to preach Christianity in its true light. The work is a grand one. I hope the Lord will bless us. The prospect looks to me brighter than ever. The prejudice of the Jews against Christianity is going down. The people are no more afraid to hear or speak of Jesus. We have reason to hope that the time is near when Israel shall be gathered in, Israel shall accept Jesus as the Messiah whom they are waiting for. But we must not keep silent till Jerusalem will be built. It is our duty to work, not considering if the results are great or small. The Lord of the vineyard will take care of that.

I am glad I share in this work. I get some pay, though very little, not sufficient to get through, but hope the Lord will help the balance in some way. I would be very glad to hear from my friends and from others who are interested in my work. My address is 30 Rivington St., New York City, in care of Nodler.

Hoping I may be remembered in your prayers and in those of all the readers.

I remain yours in Christ,

I. CH. REINES.

SPECIAL AND COMBINATION OFFER.

To all new subscribers we offer the RECORDER from now until the close of 1894 for the price of one year, \$2. To those who will pay all back dues in addition to one year's subscription in advance, the choice in the following periodicals may be had at the prices named:

- RECORDER (\$2 00), Independent (\$3 00), both for \$4 50
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Weekly, (4 00), both for \$5 25
Bazar, (4 00), both for \$5 25
Young People (2 00), both for \$3 50
Scribner's (3 00), both for \$4 50

CALIFORNIA IN 3 1/2 DAYS.

Over two-thirds of the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific in half a week. Such is the record made by travelers between Chicago and the Pacific coast via the North-Western Line, the quickest route for visitors to the Midwinter Fair. Palace Drawing-room Sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco without change, dining cars serving all meals en route. Tourist sleeping-cars, offering an exceptionally favorable opportunity for making the trip in a most comfortable and economical manner, are also run. Completely equipped berths can be procured by passengers holding either first or second-class tickets, at a cost of only \$4 per berth from Chicago to San Francisco and other California points. The hour of departure from Chicago affords a prompt connection with trains from the East and South. First class one way and excursion tickets good returning nine months from date of sale, also second-class tickets at extremely low rates, sleeping car reservations and full information can be obtained of any ticket agent, or by addressing W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago, Ill.

Literary Notes.

Sousa's new march, "The Manhattan Beach March" has been purchased by The Ladies' Home Journal, and its full piano score will be printed in the Christmas issue. The composer claims for it a superiority over either his popular "Washington Post" or "High School Cadets" marches.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Minutes of the General Conference are published. The next thing is to pay for them. Will the churches which have not paid their apportionment kindly give attention to the following list? It is shorter than it was; but it is yet too long.

South-Eastern Association.

- West Union..... \$ 2 51
Lost Creek..... 17 60
Middle Island..... 8 47
Ritchie..... 7 48
Roanoke..... 3 52
Green Brier..... 10 23
Conings..... 1 43

Eastern Association.

- First Hopkinton..... 35 50
Waterford..... 4 98
Marlboro..... 8 61
Second Hopkinton..... 11 86
Rockville..... 21 15
Woodville..... 2 29
Greenmanville..... 3 74
Second Westerly..... 3 35

Central Association.

- First Brookfield..... 20 68
Second Brookfield..... 18 37
DeRuyter..... 15 32
Scott..... 8 42
First Verona..... 8 14
West Edmeston..... 7 95
Cuyler..... 1 43
Luncklaen..... 3 74
Watson (\$1.57 paid)..... 6 03

Western Association.

- Friendship..... 14 33
Second Alfred..... 19 27
Richburg..... 11 20
Independence..... 11 50
West Genesee..... 2 86
Andover..... 7 76
Wellsville..... 4 60
Hebron..... 9 18

North-Western Association.

- Milton..... 19 91
Albion..... 18 10
Walworth..... 10 61
Utica..... 2 20
Rock River..... 8 72
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Providence..... 1 93
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MARRIED.

BURDICK—EVANS.—At the home of the bride's mother, Nov. 18, 1893, by pastor M. B. Kelly, Jr., Mr. Gordon A. Burdick, of Wirt Centre, N. Y., and Miss Nellie N. Evans, of Nile.

DIED.

SHORT obituary notices are inserted free of charge. Notices exceeding twenty lines will be charged at the rate of ten cents per line for each line in excess of twenty.

BULLOCK.—In Syracuse, N. Y., at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. McDonald, Nov. 14, 1893, Mrs. Lucy Burdick, wife of Horace W. Burdick, of DeRuyter, aged 71 years. L. R. S.

CULVER.—In Cuyler, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1893, Charles Franklin Culver, aged 75 years, 8 months and 7 days. L. R. S.

BREWSTER.—In Brockland, Potter Co., Pa., Nov. 16, 1893, Jennie, daughter of Silas and Harriet Brewster.

Jennie was more than an ordinary girl. She had the judgment of one of riper years, ambitious, wishing to do all she could for the comfort of her parents. She had consumption with dropsy of the heart. Her sufferings were great, but she was patient and resigned and anxious for her change to come. She would remark in the morning, "I was in hopes I would have gone before the morning came." She was brought to West Union for her funeral and burial. "He shall gather his lambs with his arms and carry them in his bosom." J. K.

BOND.—On Lost Creek, W. Va., Nov. 20, 1893, Mrs. Adelia, wife of Able Bond, aged 59 years, 7 months and 16 days.

Sister Bond made a public profession of faith in Christ in early life, was baptized and united with the Lost Creek Seventh-day Baptist Church nearly forty years ago. She lived a consistent faithful Christian until released by death. She was a true noble woman, always faithful as companion, mother and neighbor, honoring the home, the church and society. She leaves an aged husband, seven children and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss. The esteem in which she was held by the people was seen in the large number that attended the funeral services held from her late residence. J. L. H.

BLIVEN.—In Albion, Wis., Nov. 10, 1893, of Bright's disease, Julia Marish, wife of John Bliven, aged a little more than 47 years.

She never made a profession of religion, but for some years had possessed an unflinching faith in Christ as her Saviour. Her neighbors said she lived religion. A day or so previous to her death she said to a friend, "I believe I am ready to go." "All is well." Funeral services were held at the Albion church, Nov. 12th, conducted by the writer. E. A. W.

CORDNER.—At his home in Edgerton, Wis., Oct. 26, 1893, of Bright's disease, Thomas James Cordner, aged 69 years, 10 months and 16 days.

He was the son of Stephen and Susan Cordner, was born in Hopkinton, R. I., Dec. 11, 1823. Mr. Cordner was twice married: first to Elizabeth L. Edwards; second to Lucinda Gees, who died in 1878. Since her death he has not married. His niece, Addie Crandall, has been his house-keeper for the past fifteen years. Mr. Cordner was a straight-forward business man, but he never was a professor of religion. Funeral services were held in the Baptist church. Preaching by the writer. E. A. W.

CLARKE.—At Fairview, Cal., Aug. 15, 1893, from the effects of an injury received from being thrown from a horse, Mr. Almeron L. Clarke, son of the late Ephraim H. and Angeline L. Clarke, the latter still living at Walworth, Wis. Deceased was born at West Edmeston, N. Y.,

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Dec. 27, 1843, and moved with his parents to Nile, afterwards to Wisconsin. He was baptized in early youth by Eld. Chas. M. Lewis, into the membership of the Walworth Seventh-day Baptist Church. He was married, Oct. 4, 1871, to Miss Louise Stowell, of Chicago, an educated lady of great worth and refinement, who made him an affectionate and most excellent companion. He afterwards moved to Hudson, Wis., where, by his capable business habits, his marked integrity and great generosity he was greatly beloved by all. He was always very kind to his parents, an affectionate husband, a wise and indulgent father. The surviving members of his immediate family are a widow and three children, the latter of sufficient age, ability and education to be a great help and comfort to the mother. E. M. D.

ERNST.—At Alden, Minn., Nov. 15, 1893, Mrs. Martha Hull Ernst, wife of Dea. Henry Ernst, aged 78 years and 28 days.

Though somewhat feeble in health, Sister Ernst was seriously ill only a week. Fully conscious until the last, and with all her children about her, this grandmother in Israel passed away triumphant in the faith. Funeral services were conducted by Eld. H. D. Clarke, pastor of the Dodge Centre Seventh-day Baptist Church, on Sabbath, Nov. 18th. A large concourse of people attended the funeral service, friends coming from many miles to show their regard for the deceased and family. A suitable sketch of the life of this noted woman will appear in due time.

DAVIS.—At her home in North Loup, Neb., Nov. 22, 1893, of inflammation of the stomach, complicated with heart difficulties, Mrs. Esther S. Davis, wife of A. J. Davis, in the 59th year of her age.

Esther S. (Worth) Davis, daughter of Walter and Katie Worth, was born in Madison Co., N. Y., March 13, 1835. Sister Davis professed Christ in early life. In 1855 she, with her sister and brother-in-law, moved to Iowa; and in 1857 she was married to A. J. Davis. For over thirty-six years they have shared the joys and sorrows of life together. During these years three children, two daughters and a son, have come to brighten their home. The eldest daughter and the son are still living and helped in tenderly caring for their mother during her illness. She leaves, besides the husband, daughter and son, an aged mother, now past 93 years of age, two sisters, and scores of friends to mourn their loss. Her life was hid with Christ in God. Services conducted by the writer, assisted by Eld. O. Babcock and Rev. McNeil. J. H. H.

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Literary Notes.

Ten short stories, a contemporary view of Virginia by Thomas Nelson Page, a picture of the present House of Commons by Thomas Power O'Connor, and a description of Mexican ranch life by Frederic Remington are some of the attractions of Harper's Magazine for December. Pictorially, the Number is said to be unsurpassed by any of its predecessors.

The Great Through Car Line.

It is a well-established fact that the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) in its equipment and train service, its general facilities for the accommodation of all classes of travel, and its methods of looking after the comfort and welfare of its patrons, takes rank with the leading railways of the world.

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To settle the estate of Rev. James Bailey, deceased, the home occupied by him in Milton, Wis., is offered for sale. It is a splendidly built Queen Ann cottage, large, roomy, finely finished and in perfect repair. It is offered at a great sacrifice. Every room in the house is comfortably furnished, and carpets, bed-room set, and heavy furniture is offered for a mere trifle of its cost. For terms apply to E. S. Bailey, 3034 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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1894.

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Among the other notable features of the year will be novels by George du Maurier and Charles Dudley Warner, the personal reminiscences of W. D. Howells, and eight short stories of Western frontier life by Owen Wister. Short stories will also be contributed by Brander Matthews, Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, Ruth McEney Stuart, Miss Laurence Alma Tadema, George A. Hibbard, Queensy de Beaupaire, Thomas Nelson Page, and others. Articles on topics of current interest will be contributed by distinguished specialists.

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